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22 Months
A
Prisoner of War.

Stephan Schwartz.

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Yours truly,

Stephan Schwartz

TWENTY-TWO MONTHS

A

PRISONER OF WAR.

A narrative of twenty-two months' imprisonment by the Confederates, in Texas, through General Twiggs' treachery, dating from April, 1861, to February, 1863.

BY

STEPHAN SCHWARTZ,

Ordnance Sergeant, U. S. A.,—Retired; Member of Hassendeubel Post, No. 13, G. A. R., St. Louis, Mo.; Member of National Union Association, Ex-prisoners of War.

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PREFACE.

I am not a writer of romances, histories, travels or metrical compositions, but a plain United States soldier, and better able to handle the gun than the quill. My narrative will deal with the long time of twenty-two months in captivity, in the hands of the Rebels, in Texas, which comes clear to my memory, although the interval between that time is already twenty-eight years. In my leisure hours, meditating upon the darkness of the past, I find it a pleasure in writing this short story of prison life, and will narrate it in the same manner as if I were telling it to some of my acquaintances, or fellow-comrade soldiers, while sitting around a camp fire. Further, I vouch that everything related herein is strictly true, with the exception of the exact names of persons, places and dates, which may have slipped my memory, during the long time that has elapsed since then.

THE AUTHOR.

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22 MONTHS A PRISONER OF WAR.

CHAPTER I.

OFFICERS PAROLED AND I LEFT IN HOSPITAL.

My name is Stephan Schwartz.

I enlisted in the military service of the United States, August 19, 1857; was sent to Texas, and assigned to Company I, 1st U. S. Infantry. At the time the rebellion broke out I was stationed at San Antonio, being on extra duty in the Post Hospital. Doctor A. E. Abadie was surgeon in charge of Hospital, also Medical Director of the Department of Texas.

In April, in the year 1861, he recommended me as Hospital Steward, to fill the first vacancy in the Department, and also promised that he would write to Washington, to obtain my warrant as Steward. He said one day: "Don't you be discouraged, you will not have to wait any longer than three or four weeks." But in one week afterward, my Company and all the remaining troops in the Department, were ordered out of Texas, under General Twiggs' Treaty, to take the route via Indianola, to proceed North.

The terms of the Treaty were, that all United States

troops stationed in New Mexico and Texas, be allowed to leave with the full honors of war, and not to be molested whatsoever on their route.

The Eighth United States Infantry Band, stationed at San Antonio, was retained until the remainder of the same Regiment, namely, seven Companies, who were stationed at Fort Davis, Texas, and Fort Stanton, New Mexico, were assembled at San Antonio, and then, as the last of the United States troops to follow the others, under the same conditions included in the Twiggs' Treaty.

The Hospital cook and myself were very busy one morning, packing up our few articles of clothing, when the Doctor found us earnestly engaged, and said:

"Well, what does all this mean?"

To which I replied: 'Sir, I am supposed to be always ready in case of emergency, and we expect to join our Companies any day, and I would be glad to leave this rebellious country, and be with our comrades, no matter what may happen after.'

"Oh," said he, "I have seen the Captain of your Company already, (Captain John H. King), to allow you two men to remain in the Hospital, until I have everything turned over to the Confederate States Government, and then we will all leave together for the North, where you can join your Company. And at the same time you two men may probably like it better,

and I would also consider it a great favor in your remaining with me. I further promise you, that I will do all in my power to serve you afterwards. You two men know well enough that with strangers, who are not acquainted with the duties in a Hospital, it would be very hard for me to get along well."

'What do you think, Arnold,' I said, speaking to my companion, 'shall we remain with the Doctor?'

"Oh," said he, "anything you think best, I'll do, and will be very well satisfied."

So we came to the conclusion to remain, *and had to remain until February, 1863.*

In one week after above conversation, the Doctor, and all the remaining officers, were taken prisoners; but all the officers went on parole, although we were still in hopes that we might get a chance to go with the Doctor. But he made the following excuses:

"My men, I am very sorry, not to be able to take you with me, according to my promise; I have not sufficient transportation allowed for me to take myself and family away; of course, you will be taken prisoners of war, but cheer up, it will be only for a short time."

CHAPTER II.

THE SURRENDER OF LT. COLONEL REEVES.

Cheer up, yes, cheer up, sounded well enough. The Doctor gone, the Company and Regiment gone also, then what next?

Next day came the rumor, that the seven Companies of the 8th Infantry, were *en route* to San Antonio; everything was made ready to take the Companies, commanded by Lt. Colonel Reeves, prisoners, and everything was set in preparation; old rusty cannons from the Arsenal were manned; boys! and oh, what a mixture of men turned out under arms, to the number of about 2,800! They had also the impudence to term themselves, "Knights of the Golden Circle;" one volley from the rifles of those 330 U. S. soldiers would have scattered them to the four winds. Next day they encamped seven miles from San António, at a place by the name of Adams' Hill, whence it derived its name I do not know. I think a Mr. Adams, likely, was the owner of the hill, no matter, the event was christened, and is known yet by the illustrious title of the "Battle of Adams' Hill" — although not a single shot was fired.

Next day, early in the morning, if I remember the

date right — I think it was April 24th, 1861 — Lieut. Colonel Reeves with his command, on arriving at the top of the hill, halted and formed a line of battle in single rank, and on observing a mass of troops formed below in the valley, and a flag of truce approaching from the enemy's camp, demanding the surrender of the U. S. troops, immediately ordered his Adjutant to ascertain the strength of their opponents.

The Adjutant, a Lieutenant Bliss, estimated their strength to be about 2,500 foot soldiers, and two light batteries.

In two hours later, the surrender was granted, under conditions to allow their arms to remain in the possession of the officers and men, until their arrival in San Antonio.

I understood the Commander of the U. S. troops had made the following remarks:

"Under the circumstances in which I am situated, I take it for the best to surrender; we may be able and strong enough to whip the enemy, and likewise take the city of San Antonio, but we are in the heart of the enemy's country, no U. S. troops near to help us, so therefore, to save bloodshed, and also in order to expect good treatment of our enemy and captors, we surrender."

Well, the same night there was great hurrahing and rejoicing in the city over the great victory accomplished

by their troops. Speeches were made until about twelve o'clock that night; the Mayor of the city put on the finishing touch — I think he must have been intoxicated.

CHAPTER III.

A PATRIOTIC SPEECH FROM THE CITY MAYOR.

I will mention a few patriotic remarks from his speech:

"The war has begun, we have taken Fort Sumter, and likewise this day the victory (?) of Adams' Hill will be inscribed in the annals of history."

"My fellow-citizens and Confederate soldiers, you are all aware that it takes twenty-five cents to make a quarter of a dollar, and in comparison, it takes fully twenty-five Yankees to whip one Southerner!"

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" (*long intervals of cheers*) in which he stretched himself like a turkey gobbler, with his fist clenched, bringing it down like a sledge hammer.

"And I feel strong enough to slay a thousand myself," he said, or more properly, shouted; thus he annihilated the whole Yankee race, in one night, the vain braggart.

CHAPTER IV.

DR. COAXENER UNSUCCESSFUL.

Next day, at about 8 o'clock in the morning, the fun in the Hospital began. The Confederate Surgeon in charge of the hospital, made his rounds through the building, visiting the sick in the wards, taking an estimate of the medicine on hand, and all property pertaining to the Hospital Department. I was expecting to find the Hospital Steward, Bergmann, accompanying the Doctor, but he could not be found, therefore, it became my duty to take the Steward's place. After everything had appeared satisfactory to the Doctor, he addressed me as follows:

"I must have a Steward, and you are exactly the man for the position, and you have been well recommended to me by Doctor Abadie."

To which I replied: 'How is it possible for him to expect me, a U. S. soldier, to take service in the Confederacy?'

"Oh," said he, "you need not enlist in our army, only to do duty as Steward, for which you will receive extra pay for your work, and likewise you will have all the freedom you wish, and neither be considered, or looked upon, as a prisoner of war."

I then made him understand that under no consideration whatever, was he, or any other man, able to allure me to serve or do anything to benefit the enemy.

"Well you can't get out that way, my man," he said, "you have to remain here and do duty, until I get a Steward, but you must understand that the Union is dissolved."

'Doctor,' said I, 'I don't want to argue the subject, for my mind is made up, not to work, or to perform any duties in this hospital.'

"Call the cook," he said, "I want to see him."

'No,' I replied, 'you can do that yourself. I suppose you will find him at his work.'

That very minute he passed by the Dispensary. I sang out: 'Arnold! come here, the Doctor wishes to speak to you!'

Almost the same conversation passed between them as with me, with the exception that he wanted him to remain and do the cooking in the Hospital, but the result was a refusal.

When he saw that no coaxing or promising would have any effect on us, he changed his outer garments of "sheep's clothing" and presented himself "wolf," out and out. He said: "Pack up and leave the Hospital;" although, where to go, he did not say.

We replied: 'All right, that is what we were waiting for, and had packed everything the previ[illegible]'

CHAPTER V.

LEAVING THE HOSPITAL AND TAKING POSSESSION OF THE HOUSE OF A UNION MAN.

There was an old German named Saddour, who kept a brewery and saloon, with whom we were well acquainted, and who was the best friend we had.

But everything aside, I must acknowledge that he was a "Union man to the backbone." Every time we had any conversation with him in regard to the war, he would say: "Boys, I'll tell you one thing; whenever you are sent out of the Hospital, come direct to me. I have a neat little house in this yard, where you can live and do your housekeeping, as long as you are of a mind to do so; if your provisions should run out, I am able to supply your wants without charging you a cent for it, and the place is always open to you; for it shall not be said that Old Saddour was only a Union man for show, but he is also one by deeds."

'Now is the time, Arnold,' I said, 'to take advantage of Old Saddour's hospitality — what do you say — shall we take possession of the house, or shall we go to Headquarters and report ourselves? You know,' I continued, 'the Doctor has discharged us, but not said where to go, or to whom to report, so let us appear as

ignorant as possible, and take our own course as long as we can, and so long as our money and our provisions last.'

"Agreed," said he.

I immediately hired a carter to convey our property to the neat little house spoken of by Old Saddours, which property was considerably larger than we had expected. I was my own master at that moment in the Hospital, with three "convalescents" on hand, who were well enough to join their companies, that were prisoners, and encamped about seven miles from the city; the camp was named after the Confederate General Van Thorn—"Camp Van Thorn." Those three "convalescents" said: "If you two men leave the Hospital, we won't stay here a moment longer, and without another word said, they left. But they could join their Companies, and be with their comrades, in which respect we were more unfortunate, as our Regiment and Company were by this time, very likely, in the United States — perhaps already in Washington.

First, we gathered our own effects and placed them in the cart; then I thought it very foolish to walk off in that way. All the cooking utensils had passed a Board of Inspection, were condemned, and dropped from the Report, two months previously, but had not been replaced by new ones; these articles we used to help complete the first load. Cooking utensils without

provisions were of no earthly use, so I thought myself justified in entering the storehouse and seizing the contents, which consisted of one barrel of flour, about one hundred pounds of bacon, a small quantity of coffee and sugar, a five gallon keg of syrup, five gallons of pickles, soap, candles, etc., which certainly had been our savings, and the patients' rations.

'Now, let us move off,' I said, 'and make ourselves at home in our new residence, and live like gentlemen, as long as we can hold out.'

"Here you are at last, boys," Old Saddour greeted us. "I am very glad you men left the Hospital and came to me for shelter; I have always been afraid the Doctor would accomplish his object, to keep you in the Hospital, and coax you to secede. Stand by the Old Flag and you will eventually come out victorious."

CHAPTER VI.

CONVERSATION WITH THE CONFEDERATE HOSPITAL STEWARD.

We made ourselves very comfortable, for the time being, and the day following our removal, out of curiosity, I took a walk past the Hospital; a man, very smart looking, and elegantly dressed in Rebel Hospital Steward's uniform, stood in front of the dispensary door. I greeted him with a 'how do you do,' and 'how are things going on these bad times.'

"Oh, very well," he replied, "but I am only here since last night."

I found out by his actions that I had to deal with a very talkative man, also, an inquisitive man.

I asked him how many sick he had in the Hospital at that time, and what condition they were in?

"I must acknowledge," he said, "that I can not give you an exact description of their different diseases, because, as I said before, I only arrived here at eight o'clock, last night, and eight patients arrived an hour later. Oh, by the way," said he, "don't you belong to the Union army?" 'Of course,' said I; 'certainly I think the uniform I wear shows it plainly enough.' "By the way you talk, it seems you are proud of it!"

'How could I be otherwise,' I replied.

"Ain't you a prisoner of war, the same as all the Union troops in Texas?"

'Ah!' replied I, 'a prisoner of war? No, no, I am not a prisoner of war, yet, unless I give myself up as such; you must understand that those troops that were taken 'prisoners of war,' as you term it, at the battle of Adams' Hill, are no more 'prisoners of war,' than you are.'

"Well, I would like to know what they are," he said.

I told him, 'retained Union troops, kept in captivity by General Twiggs' treachery.'

"Why don't you men enlist in the right cause — in the Confederate army — the same as I have done. I have been a U. S. soldier over ten years."

'But,' said I, 'you had better look out, and not allow yourself to get caught by them, they would hang or shoot you as a deserter. I further told him that I thought it unnecessary to be beating around the bush, that I was the very man who had been nurse in the Hospital.

"Oh" said he, "I hardly expected that much — you are the very man I wanted to see, so be kind enough and come inside, let us sit down, and have a good, long chat."

I accepted the invitation very gladly, and seated myself in an armchair, on one side of the table, and he on the other.

"Excuse me" he said, "I will step in the storeroom for one moment, to fetch something to warm us up a little, and to wet our lips."

'All right, go ahead and bring us some cognac,' said I.

"Excuse me, friend, there is no cognac, but anything else you prefer, you are welcome to it; Monongahela, Bourbon, Claret, Arrack, Rhinewine, etc.

'My favorite drink has always been cognac,' I said, 'go and look in those boxes on the west side; one box is already open; you will find enough cognac there to last us both to the end of this war.' I did not expect that the war would last four years, at that time.

"Oh" said he, "what a fool I am, I did not perceive that you were at home here, and know every nook and corner in this building, and their contents. Well, here is one of your favorite bottles — I presume you are well acquainted with it's quality?"

In fact, he wanted to know if I would not prefer to have it made up into punch, or some other kind of fancy drink. But I objected, telling him, anything genuine I preferred, without mixture, so as to be able to receive the full benefit of it's purity.

"You are right," he said, "and here it goes," at the same time filling the tumblers, and passing one to me.

We had a long, sociable chat together, flying from

one subject to another; in the latter end he related in what condition he had found things in the Hospital, and the precarious situation he was placed in, etc.

"I came here last night," he said, "as Hospital Steward, receiving instructions from the Doctor in regard to my duties, but what did I find here; not a single person in or around the Hospital; one hour later, a wagon load of sick were sent, tired and hungry from their journey; the Doctor also gave me orders to have supper prepared for those men, and that I would find abundance of everything in the line of provisions, in the storehouse, and in the kitchen. I went to the kitchen, but cooking utensils and provisions could not be found; from there I proceeded to the storehouse, but no provisions there either, now what should I do?"

"So then in the long run, I managed to have tea made by a neighbor, and breakfast prepared in a like manner; I wish you would be kind enough and tell me what became of all those things?"

I told him, up and down, that the cook and I had done the cleaning out, and told him that the rations in the storehouse were ours, that we were told to leave the Hospital, but did not receive any instructions where to go — simply set adrift.

"I do not blame you in this act," he replied, "but, there must have been some cooking utensils in the kitchen, what became of them?"

I told him that the cook and I had done that cleaning out also.

"What possessed you to take, hold and seize those articles, that is more than I can understand."

'If you listen a moment,' I said, 'I will explain it to you; all these articles mentioned before, had been condemned over two months ago, and dropped from the Hospital property returns, therefor, you are not accountable for any of those things, at all, all you have to do is, to make out a requisition for all those articles you require, and get the Doctor's approval, that will also enable you to make your own selections.'

"Well, I am very glad," he said, "that you have enlightened me in this line. I will go to work now, right away, while you are here, to fill out a requsition, and with your assistance. If I should forget anything, please remind me because you know better what articles are the most needed in a hospital."

I must acknowledge that I was better treated than I expected to be, by this man; he cordially invited me to come and see him, as often as I could, to have a friendly chat together. I accepted his friendly invitation, providing however, the Doctor was not in, or around the Hospital.

CHAPTER VII.

GENERAL TWIGGS, AND MY ILLUSTRATION OF TEXAS.

After I had returned from my walk, I found Old Saddour and Arnold together, having a great talk about one thing and another, and enjoying their pitcher full of beer very much.

'Hold on there, and fill a glass for me!' I sung out, as I opened the door, and entered unnoticed.

"You back again," both said, "You must certainly feel very thirsty by this time."

'Not so thirsty as you both think me to be,' said I, and then told them the adventures I had that morning, and the meeting with the new Hospital Steward, his invitation, the conversation, and the general good treatment I had received from him.

After I had related all things satisfactorily, the glasses were filled once more, and so we continued talking for about an hour longer, on different subjects; afterward we took a stroll around the city, visiting several public houses to gain all the information possible, about the happenings in the city, and the general sentiment of the people in Texas at large, of the shameful rebellion.

At San Antonio, in Western Texas, and around in

the vicinity of it, I judge the majority of the people were for the Union at the start of the Rebellion; had General Twiggs, the "Traitor," kept his 4,000 soldiers in Texas, and supported the loyal citizens, it would have been almost impossible for the State to secede, and the rebellion would have been crushed in its infancy, in this direction.

Certainly we may call those Union Officers who seceded, "Traitors;" but General Twiggs was the meanest of them all; almost every man or citizen of the United States, knows that this man had been in the army from his boyhood, and a dependant upon the U. S. Government, and had constantly been rewarded for his services; why, or what possessed him, in his old age, to turn and sell his benefactors, could never be made clear; it may have been ambition for higher rank, and an immortal (?) name in history, that will be found as black, and blacker than the Ace of Spades, and the stain will never, and never can be erased therefrom.

As Brigadier General, commanding the Department of Texas and New Mexico, making a treaty not to molest any of the Union Troops, and allow them to "depart out of Texas, or through said Departments, with the full honors of War;" he goes and breaks his treaty, his word, and his honor, and orders these few hundred remaining troops, to lay down their arms, and

consider themselves Prisoners of War; fie on such a man, and thousands and millions of curses on him from the Union, and also from the Confederate side, has followed him to his grave.

During the time I had been in Texas, when the rebellion was in its glory, I had heard the following expressions from the Rebels themselves, many a time: "It is all General Twigg's fault that this State is in rebellion—the "old fool" could very easily have stopped the outbreak,"—and many similar remarks were often expressed.

In the first place, Texas would have been the last State to secede, if its people had only looked back about fifteen years; how they were then on their knees, begging "Uncle Sam" to take them into the Union; and also what a helpless condition they were then in; they should have been ashamed of themselves, and for punishment Uncle Sam should have cut the State off from the Union altogether.

But he certainly has been, and will continue to be, a forgiving father, a father to the good and bad, all his life, if he should live hundreds and thousands of years;—and I hope he will. In referring back to the years 1845 and 1846, Western, and a part of Northern Texas, had been little more than a wilderness; Mexicans, and Indians held their full sweep all over it; all emigration barred, with the exception of the scum of

all other States, consisting of murderers, thieves, swindlers, and outlaws of all descriptions, found refuge and a hiding place in Texas, as the only place open for their existence and wild careers; and further, what kind of a condition had the country been in?

San Antonio was nothing but a "mudhole," with a few hundred of Mexicans in it; no side-walks; a man on horseback could not pass through its streets safely, without horse and rider falling, and being in danger of breaking their necks, and as it was at that time inhabited by a lazy class, composed of a mixture of Indians and Mexicans — Greasers — together with a small number of families who had emigrated from the States, who were very industrious, but with all their industry, all they could do was to barely make a living.

Taking it altogether, the city could only be called a "City of Death;" but not speaking alone of San Antonio, other towns, villages and settlements throughout the State had been no better, but, on the contrary, worse. Was it this "Lone Star State," Texas, kept in this miserable condition that Uncle Sam took in, in 1846, that seceded? No, I think not; everything began to thrive; emigration from all parts of the United States and Europe poured in, farmers, merchants and mechanics busy, and everything in the greatest prosperity; in travelling across the State, and passing through San Antonio, in the

year of 1860, a man would have been astonished to see the purification and change this city went through. Yes, indeed, you could call it a city then—streets laid out in a beautiful manner, with elegant brick and stone mansions on each side. There were public houses of all kinds; storehouses in abundance; dealers in wholesale and retail, of imported and domestic goods; hotels could not be found, in any part of the United States, superior to a great number of San Antonio's hotels; in crossing the Main Street Bridge, and entering the part of the city known as *Alamo,* (a Mexican name) stood the finest and largest hotel with a brewery attached, known as "Menger's Hotel," it was noted in all countries, on this and on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, for its excellent accomodations, and for its general management, satisfactory to men of all nationalities. Certainly, I could give a better description of the city, but I only intend to show what great changes this city had gone through in such a short period of time.

In 1845, and previously, everything looked like death, as I have stated before, and in 1860, every person, young and old, looked cheerful and happy; in going through the streets of San Antonio you could see dozens of fine three and four story brick and stone buildings springing up.

Tearing down old houses, and building and erecting

new ones seemed to be the order of the day; in fact everybody seemed to prosper and be doing well.

Likewise in the vicinity of San Antonio, and almost throughout the whole State of Texas, all was life, everything had to make room for civilization.

About forty miles from San Antonio, on the Austin Road, lay the Town of New Braunfels, surrounded for miles and miles by German settlers, who were the owners of the finest farms in the State. About the same distance from San Antonio, will be found another town, Carsville, settled by French emigrants; the country around it was in splendid condition, and the farms laid out beautifully. I could name towns and settlements by the score, that sprang up in this short space of time; the towns of Fredericksburg, Comfort, Wenders and Castorville, were all only a short distance from San Antonio, that had a similar prosperous career in view.

Who had made this great State what it was? Uncle Sam! — and no one can gainsay the fact. Regiment after regiment was sent to its frontiers to protect its citizens, to encourage immigration, protect their property and houses; money began to circulate freely, passing from hand to hand, and trade began to open with all nations. Without speaking any further, since Texas was admitted into the Union as a State, it had undergone an entire revolution.

But where were their thanks? This ungrateful State after being raised out of its "abyss of darkness and woe," carried for years in Uncle Sam's strong arms, and at last set on "dry ground," with a sound, solid, foundation as a State, turned traitor against the Nation, sword in hand, to destroy, if possible, and trample on this great and glorious Republic.

I only make this short illustration, to show that Texas should have remained loyal to the Union, or, at least have been the last State to secede, instead of one of the very first.

CHAPTER VIII.

WITH OLD SADDOUR AGAIN — THE LOST FOUND.

We enjoyed ourselves very much in our new quarters with Old Saddour. One day after another passed, without any disturbance; nobody molested us, and I do believe very few people knew our abode. But one man was missing — this was our Hospital Steward, Bergman; where he was or what became of him, we were unable to tell; we knew that he went away, without saying a word, immediately after breakfast, the same day that we left the Hospital.

What object in view, or where he kept himself, we did not know. On the fourth day of his absence, one evening while we were eating our supper, he entered our "little paradise," looking slightly bewildered.

We jumped up, shook hands, invited him to supper, and welcomed him to share our home, advising him not to make himself invisible in the future, without permission from proper authority, and if he should ever violate the regulations, and that particular article of war, we were bound to try him by a General Court Martial, and his sentence would be solitary confinement.

He smiled and said, "I am not going to give you

the opportunity, because, wherever you go, I go."

I questioned him then in regard to his four days absence.

"Oh," said he, "I knew very well that there would be some "rumpus" that morning, in the Hospital, I had wind of it the night before, and I was also afraid of turning over to the new Doctor, and accounting for all the property pertaining to the Hospital; I would have found myself short of some articles, and got myself into a serious scrape, so to prevent it all, I walked off, took a stroll through the country, had a lovely time among the farmers, promenading around and through their orchards, and enjoying the healthy country air, but of course I was very anxious to know how things turned out here. This morning a party informed me of every occurence in the city during my absence, and also that you had left the Hospital the same day, but where to find you, I could not learn. I entered the city this morning, inquiring at the public houses, and at last took a glass of beer, here in Saddour's saloon, who informed me of all the circumstances attending your case, and by his directions I found you."

We continued to converse on different subjects, telling stories, singing songs, drinking beer, and smoking cigars, and we spent the day in genuine merriment; day after day passed in a similar manner,—frequently

I think of Old Saddour's illustrations and difference of opinion in regard to the United and Confederate States of America, therefore, I find it a pleasure to relate the substance of a few remarks he used to make. "You know, boys," he said, "I am a public man, and in keeping a beer saloon, I am sort of forced to appear as such, and you shall be eye-witnesses to the "secesh" getting the small end of the horn, and I am not afraid to express my opinion, as long as I have a tongue in my mouth; I don't care a cent if they patronize me or not, I am independent of them; I have houses and land, and sufficient money laid in store, where those filibusters can never lay their hands on it." "Boys, you did not call for anything to drink," he would add, after a pause.

We were six men at that time in his saloon, the other three were men belonging to the 8th Infantry Band, who were prisoners of war, and stationed in the city, but were not at that time close prisoners, for they had the limits of the city granted them by the Department Commander, General Vanthorn.

"Here is my treat," and placing at the same time an enormously large glass full of lager freshly tapped, before each man, holding I should judge about three pints each. 'Why, Mr. Saddour,' I said, 'it is my next treat, how much will you charge me to have those glasses refilled?"

"Thirty cents," he replied, "or five cents per glass, but you must understand that these are Union glasses, and whenever Union men call for a glass of beer, I fill one for him."

'But,' said I, 'how can you tell a Union man from a Confederate, it is well enough to distinguish a Union soldier from a Confederate soldier, their uniform would be sufficient.'

"Yes boys," said he, "I can convince you that old Saddour does not require the outside appearances of a man, I can read on their countenances who they are." "Here, boys," he contenued, "we shall have some fun directly; you see those soldiers coming down Main Street," pointing through the window.

Looking out we could see men in Confederate uniform approaching.

'Yes," he said, "those men were in my saloon yesterday afternoon, and the whole lot of them became beastly drunk."

A few minutes after they all entered Saddour's saloon, occupying two tables and calling for beer. Saddour, without a change of countenance, or saying a word, attended to their wants, setting one of the ordinary glasses before each of them.

After having emptied their glasses several times, they then of course, became very talkative, and likewise, inquisitive.

One of them bolder than the rest — I think he was a Sergeant — spoke up first. "Mr. Saddour," he said, "I have never seen such large glasses before, how much do you charge for them?"

"Five cents," he replied.

"How is it, that you charge the same for the common ones? But it is all right, fill us a glass of the latest pattern, the same as our neighbors enjoy on the opposite table," pointing to ourselves.

"Gentlemen," Saddour replied, "I can not comply with your request; the glasses you see those men enjoying, are Union glasses, and every Union man who calls for a glass of beer, gets a Union glass, and those glasses I have filled for you are 'secesh' glasses, and every 'secesh' gets a 'secesh' glass, provided he pays for its contents."

We all began to laugh on our side, and were wondering what Old Saddour was driving at; the opposite party seemed to be slighted, and a general argument commenced. They wanted to know why their money was not as good as ours, and the reason he made a distinction between the guests, and they argued that a proprietor of any saloon ought to serve his guests alike, as long as they paid for their drinks.

"I agree with you, men, therefore I will explain the matter to you all," Old Saddour said.

CHAPTER IX.

UNION SPEECH IN A SALOON.

"I see that my guests are divided into two parties, the first, an old party—I mean the Union party—the second, a young party—the "secesh party." It is only one month past, since these two parties were one, and I, the proprietor and owner of this establishment. and a Union man to the backbone, also one of the first and oldest citizens of San Antonio, arrived here and settled with my family in the year of 1842, with only a few hundred dollars in my possession."

"Certainly, I admit that my prospect in view was not very flattering, until Texas was recognized as a State, and duly admitted into the Union."

"Remember, in the *Union*. From the beginning of that happy time, until the present, everything was gladness and joy, all the people became industrious, and Uncle Sam was opening the road for everyone to make an honest living. If it had not been for Uncle Sam I do not know what would have become of me, and of thousands of others besides."

"As I said before, I am the owner of this establishment, and a United States citizen, and neither am I afraid to express my opinion, upon that subject."

"You were referring to those beer glasses a while ago, as an unfair treatment towards my guests, and showing partiality to the Union party; yes, I am partial to the said party, because I am a part of that party, and which (striking his breast) I never will deny." At the same time taking two glasses off the stand, and exhibiting one large, and one small glass, saying: "The large one represents the giant, or the Union; the small one the dwarf, or the Confederacy."

On which he raised the "Giant" above his head and threw him (?) on the floor, in the meantime bending down, taking up, displaying the glass, laughingly saying: "You are all witnesses, and have seen me throw the Union glass on the floor, with all my might," passing it for examination, "now does anyone see a crack, or is it in the least damaged for future use?"

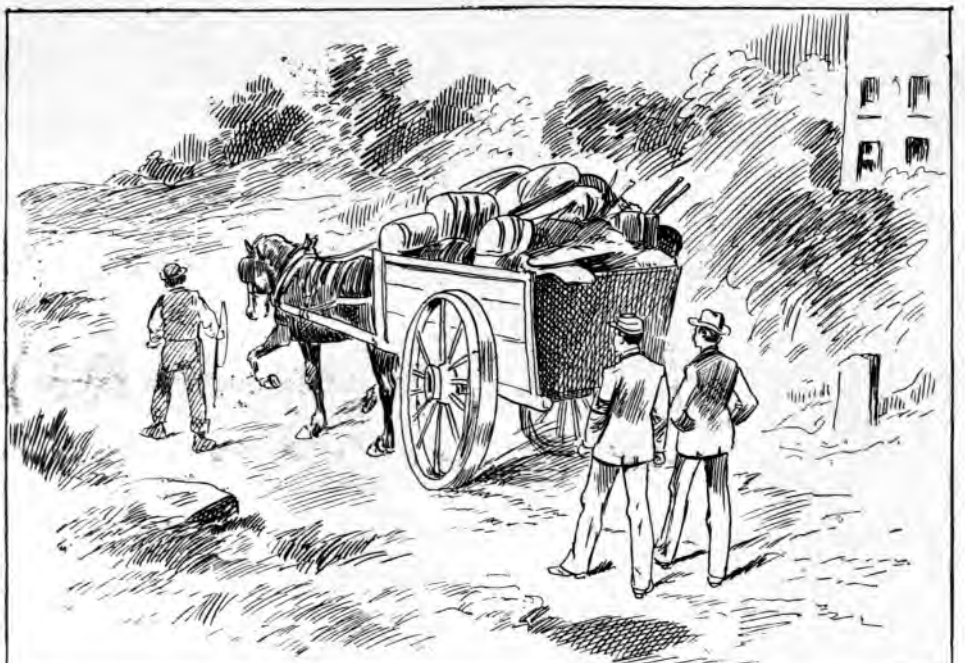
"No, No," we all replied.

"I know it received a very hard knock, but it is still as sound as ever before, and is like the Union, with all the hard knocking, pulling and tearing, it never can, and never will be broken, and no government on earth shall be able to destroy it, and the stars and stripes will float over this city again in the near future."

He then seized the small glass in the same manner, only instead of throwing it on the floor, he simply let it fall, without giving it any extra force whatsoever, pointed to the spot, and continued:

"You have all seen the result; this "secesh" glass is no more, and broken into pieces, useless altogether for future use."

"And you have seen the Union glass thrown with my full might to the floor, and you have only seen me drop the "secesh" glass; the Union glass stands on the table perfectly sound, and the "secesh" glass lies on the floor in fragments. And so likewise will it be with the Confederacy; after all their endeavors to destroy the old Constitution of the United States, the first thing they will find out is, a destruction and injury to themselves, to thousands of others who are helpless and innocent. One more illustration and then I am done for to-day," at the same time exhibiting a glass, having a horizontal crack, and continuing: "One part represents the North, and one the South; this vessel you see is not solid, and that one crack can easily be observed, and all the repairing can never bring it to its former condition, the least collision this glass comes in contact with, may cause it to receive one or more cracks, and in the end fall entirely to pieces, and the name of beer-glass is extinguished. Allow me to compare this glass to the United States of America; I have heard many Southern men express themselves in the same manner. The United States Government is getting entirely to large to control itself properly, therefore North and South should be divided, and each



establish a government for itself, that would be the best for all concerned."

"It is all very well to say: 'Let us have two governments, divided into North and South;' that is very easily done; simply draw a line from East to West, divide the country into two Divisions, then we have one split already, the same as shown in one of my beer glasses, and in governing these divisions, it would certainly require two Presidents, and a double amount of other officials, and all their expenses, twice greater for its people to bear; that policy suits well enough for office seekers."

"We take this as a fixed fact to be so: perhaps the East, and in the future the West, find dissatisfaction in being governed by either North or South, why then of course, they could easily tear themselves loose, and establish their own government, without any opposition whatever, to prevent them from doing so. Should the West then seek to secede from the East, certainly the South could not interfere, and say, 'it is against the Constitution, to secede;' and very gladly every Government likes to see its neighbor weakened. But in closing this illustration of my beer glasses, I have another remark to make; that if the United States would allow the South to tear itself loose from the National Government, there would be one split, and

the country in two halves, the slightest concussion would split the halves into quarters, etc., and by and by this powerful government would be torn into fragments, and the name Union extinguished, forever and ever, similar to my broken beer glass! Amen!"

"True, Mr. Saddour," our side of the house exclaimed, "that is the best Union speech we ever heard, and very ably and plainly illustrated, and it is even superior to Messrs. Bell and Tylor's public Union speech on the plaza, two weeks ago."

'Mr. Saddour,' I said, 'please fill our glasses once more.' After complying with my request, three cheers were given for Old Saddour, President Lincoln, the Union, and for the Stars and Stripes for ever. Then the Confederate soldiers went off in discontent, leaving us the remainder of the evening enjoying ourselves to our own fancy; some of us were singing patriotic songs, others telling stories, etc., until late at night, when our little company divided into two parties, each homeward bound to their respective quarters, to retire from the excitement of the day. Without any strange occurrence, day after day passed away, and still we could not tell what we were, and it seemed we had forgotten altogether; sometimes some person would ask us: "Are you prisoners of War?" to which at one time we would reply "yes," and another time, "no."

Of course we did not feel contented to be placed in such an awkward position as we were in, and so one day we came to the conclusion, to hold a "council of war" on the subject, and decide the matter at once, either to "light out," or to report ourselves at Department Headquarters, at San Antonio. To "light out" would have been easy enough at that time, but the result, very likely, would have been capture, besides being disappointed in our undertaking, would have made it a good deal worse for us in the end, but although if we had known that our captivity would have lasted twenty-two months, certainly we would then have tried the experiment of "lighting out." So then the decision was made in favor of the latter, i. e. to report ourselves at Department Headquarters at San Antonio.

To remain any longer in Old Saddour's house would have been foolishness. The Officers of the Confederacy became stricter and stricter every day, in enforcing their laws; which laws were very severe to its citizens, and all expressions favorable to the Union were suppressed.

If two, or three, were seen at night assembled together, and in consultation with each other, they had to disperse, or were liable to be arrested. Hundreds had been arrested for a similar offense.

Mistrust existed throughout the whole State, one

watching the other; and in particular, Old Saddour was watched the closest.

Two days before he had been arrested, and locked in the calaboose; a strong mob had also tried to force the guard, and break into the calaboose for the purpose of hanging him, but through the resistance of the guard, they were prevented from accomplishing their object, and the day following he was tried, and sentenced to ten months imprisonment, but released by giving one thousand dollars bail, for his appearance at the Grand Court, which met in session in December, at San Antonio.

So then in the morning early we acquainted Saddour of the fact, and of the conclusion we had reached, and of the circumstances we were placed in; he approved of our action and said: "Boys, I am what I am; a Union man to the backbone, but still I have to bridle my tongue, and you see I have to pronounce it all in a whisper; if some of those eavesdroppers should hear me, they may gather a mob and hang me; you must remember they very nearly accomplished their object the other day; the way it is at present most every other man is a spy, and those Southern "she-devils," are the worst, and most dangerous set in the world." 'You are right,' we said, 'they can stop your talking, but not your thinking, so in the future, you know how to conduct yourself; the time will come

again, when the people of America will be allowed the freedom of speech."

After closing our conversation, we turned all our stores, and the little property we had, over to Old Saddour as a present, for the great kindness and many favors we had received from him.

He very gladly accepted them as a present, but he, in return, made us a more valuable one in United States currency, which present exceeded ours twice in value.

We thanked him for all he had done for us, shook hands, wishing each other good luck and prosperity, and then parted.

From that day on he closed his saloon, but we occasionally, when the way was clear, visited him on the sly, and had a pleasant chat, enjoying one or two of his Union glasses, filled with lager beer, and whiling the time away in merriment.

CHAPTER X.

AT HEADQUARTERS AND ATTACHED TO THE EIGHTH U. S. INFANTRY BAND.

Precisely at ten o'clock a. m. we arrived at Headquarters, asking permission to speak to the Commanding General, Vanthorn, which permission was granted us, without delay, and were ordered to appear before him, at his office, and to make our request known. As soon as we had entered the office, he pointed to three chairs, bade us be seated, demanded our identity, asking us who we were, where we came from, and what our object was in calling at his office.

We elected the Hospital Steward as our spokesman. He stated everything plainly, that he had been the former Hospital Steward, I Nurse, and Arnold, Cook, in the San Antonio Hospital, how, and under what circumstances we had to leave the Hospital, that we were shelterless over two weeks, and the little money we had in our pockets, was all expended for our sustenance, therefore, we came to him, to ask his advice and guidance, in regard to the peculiar situation in which we were placed.

"Well, I declare," Vanthorn said, "I did not know

anything about your little party, but although, Steward, you did not mention a word, where you men resided during the interval between the time you left the Hospital and the present time." "Sir, I beg pardon," the Steward said, "we had no residence, and resided most anywhere; and with money in his pocket, a man is able to obtain lodging in any of the San Antonio public houses, and this has been the case with us." After the Steward had made his statement, he demanded our names and rank, the Company and Regiment we belonged to, and entered it accordingly on a piece of paper, and then dismissed us for about half an hour.

After the expiration of that time, we were summoned to the office again. The Assistant Adjutant General informed us that there had been a General Order published in reference to us, that we were attached to Company C, 8th U. S. Infantry, and that we should report ourselves immediately to the Commander of Prisoners of War, Captain Graham. We then requested to be attached to the 8th U. S. Infantry Band, and stated the reason therefore; that we did not know any of the men of Company C, and that they were strangers to us, and we to them. But the band had been stationed in the city over ten months, and we knew every member of it, and also that we were positive that every man in it would be glad to receive us,

and we hoped our request would find a favorable consideration; and I must say our request was granted. The same day we found the band, but although without any musical instruments, as soon as we entered their quarters, we were welcomed by every one of its members, consisting of twelve men.

Their quarters were large and comfortable, the building was of stone, the walls about two feet thick, one wing had been a Company's quarters, formerly occupied by Company I, 1st U. S. Infantry, and the other wing was used for a Quartermaster and Medical Purveying storehouse.

We made ourselves "right at home." In looking through the window, I observed a sentry dressed in citizen's clothes. 'What the devil does this mean?' I sung out, pointing in the direction the sentry was walking. One of the mem informed me, that we were all close prisoners since that morning.

I wondered why they were so foolish in surrounding us with sentries, and said I should think the "secesh" would require all their men to guard the Yankees with.

One jovial fellow said, "I can tell you all about that; those "secesh" snoozers have an idea, that we are having too good a time, and that every one of us are too well treated by the citizens of San Antonio; they have seen how we have received visit after visit, and how presents after presents were poured in upon us,

and some of the sentries, I have heard say, that "from now on, the Yankees shall be made to suffer, and then they will be glad to enlist in our Army."

He said to me "come here, I will show you all the different presents," taking and leading me into one corner of the squad-room, which was divided by a partition, where he was overhauling the contents. I was there astonished to see several kegs of lager beer, dozens of bottles filled with different kinds of alcoholic liquors, cigars, butter, eggs, cheese, hams, sausages, and a perfect larder of articles of every description not mentioned herein.

"Here it goes," he said, tapping a keg, and filling a half a dozen tincups, "cheer up, boys, and let us amuse ourselves, and to spite our guard, let us have music and a dance, be as noisy as possible, and let us play all the national pieces, that we know of, and at intervals sing songs of the same kind; to-morrow is another day, and if they put a whole Regiment of sentries around our quarters, we have got it fixed so, that anything we want and have not got, we can get it smuggled in without any trouble, in spite of the vigilance of those Rebel rascals, who are walking past alongside our quarters."

The ball opened, and every one tried his utmost to appear joyful, until we became tired, when all lay down to rest for the remainder of the night.

Subsequently from day to day, we were feeling ourselves more and more at home, and every member of the band paid the greatest of attention to us, making us comfortable, and sharing all comforts and sorrows with us.

I have never seen a finer body of men assembled together, in sociability and friendly bearing; they could not be excelled, and consequently from then on, we three and the band were companions and friends, and further in speaking of "we," I refer not only to us three, but the Band also.

On the third day of our close imprisonment, the sentries were withdrawn, and we were allowed the limits of the city once more.

Then, all agreed to have a good time that day. The programme was laid out by the Sergeant of the band for the purpose of serenading in regular rotation some of the prominent citizens of San Antonio. I said, 'that is first rate, boys, I will stay and keep house for you, and if any of you should fail to return in proper time, or appear disorderly, I will surely lock him out.'

"You'll do no such thing," they all said, "we will take you along with us."

'But I am useless,' I replied, 'what could or should I do, I do not know how to play on any musical instrument, of which, as you know, I am entirely ignorant.'

"No, no," they said, "we cannot do without your

assistance, and you are aware that you belong to the Band now, and how in the name of goodness is it possible for a man to read the notes on such a dark night without a light, so we all unanimously elect you as lantern-bearer."

Without any further resistance, I accepted the honorable position of "lantern-bearer." So off we started to serenade a Mr. Mengor, whose name stood first on the list.

After playing several pieces, we were entertained splendidly by the gentleman, who produced the most select refreshments, that was in his power to obtain.

The balcony of Mengor's Hotel was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, listening to the splendid operatic pieces played by the band; and after each piece played, *encore* after *encore* could be heard. At about eleven o'clock we "broke up," and left for home, but not empty handed. As we had more engagements then we could fulfill, we were obliged to postpone some of them until another time. It may seem surprising the band were allowed to keep their instruments, so I will explain the reason.

The instant the band were taken prisoners, they had to turn over all their regimental property — their instruments inclusive — to the regimental Adjutant of the 8th U. S. Infantry. What became of said property, I do not know. But it had been a general custom, in

the majority of the Regimental Bands, for the men to purchase instruments, according to their taste, for private or special uses, and this had been the case with them; so every man in this band was the possessor of one or more instruments, and consequently having bought them, they were their own personal property.

The time passed very quickly, with our various instruments, without any extraordinary occurrence, until the 4th day of July, 1861.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FOURTH DAY OF JULY, 1861.

The band was engaged to play for a procession, which was to march through the principal streets of San Antonio, and as far as San Pedro Springs, which is the head of a small creek by that name, nearly three miles from the city.

The weather was exceedingly hot, and the thermometer stood at 108 degrees in the shade. I could not bring my instrument, the lantern, into use, so Arnold and I remained at home, to prepare an excellent Fourth of July dinner, and have the table ready when our tired comrades came home.

Indeed they were greatly exhausted after the forenoon, and after refreshing themselves with a good dinner, we all sought airy places, to lie down in the shade, and take a good rest.

I and two others took our position on the shadiest side of the stone pavement, in front of our quarters. As I stated before, the wing opposite the Band Quarters, formerly occupied by a Company of United States Troops, was now converted into quarters for Confederate recruits; an ex-United States Army Officer, Captain Haskell, was recruiting officer, and an

ex-United States soldier, by the name of Shultz, was performing the duty of Recruiting Sergeant; the total number of recruits quartered at this time in them was ten men, and they were the lowest and meanest set of men I ever beheld. At that time, when the Union Troops left Texas, under General Twigg's Treaty (?) all the scums of Companies and Regiments were kicked out with a dishonorable discharge, and nine out of ten of these formed "samples" of the Confederate Army.

About three o'clock, most of us were sleeping, some of us sounder than the rest, when suddenly I heard something rattle, and strike the pavement between me and one of the members of the band, by the name of Jack Finly. I immediately aroused Jack out of his sleep, but he was so tired and sleepy that he dropped off to sleep again.

A moment afterwards, I found a large bowie knife opposite Jack's head, which I secured, and then bang! came a brick-bat humming through the air over my head, and striking against the wall of the building; at the same instant, I ran towards the direction from which the articles seemed to have been thrown, which brought me inside of the recruits quarters; but I only observed one man, very much intoxicated, and in a raving condition. I stepped up to him, and said: 'Are you the man who threw a knife and brick over toward

the Band Quarters, and at the men sleeping on the pavement?'

"Yes," he bawled out, "I intend to kill half a dozen of those Yankee —— of ——!"

Before, however, he could finish the sentence, I sprang up and let him have a "stunner," that sent him sprawling on the floor, and to complete the business, I continued to belabor him, so as to spoil his countenance entirely. At last when I became tired, and thought him punished enough for his meanness, and was in the act of leaving the quarters, two men of the Band entered, to see what was the matter.

I told them, that there lay the scoundrel that committed the deed, and who confessed "that before he gets through, he will kill half a dozen of us."

My two comrades grew very angry and I was almost unable to keep them from doing any further injury to the man.

I told them, that the fellow was all right now; and that I had "cooked his goose."

But the instant we turned to go to our quarters, he raised himself up, and going to the arm-rack, took a musket with the bayonet fixed, and advancing at a run, holding the piece at a charge, ran onto us, calling us all the vile names he could think of.

"I have got you now, you Yankee —— of ——," he yelled, "I am going to run this bayonet through

your hearts, and with the butt I am going to knock your brains out."

But without any consideration of safety, at one spring, the three of us ran onto, and disarmed him, and then tied his hands and feet to his own bed post—so we left him with a gag in his mouth for a little meditation on his conduct.

'Now boys,' said I, 'we have to report this case, either to the Recruiting Sergeant, Shultz, or else to Captain Haskell, himself.'

The Sergeant of the band found Shultz, and reported the case to him, who then reported the whole case, with all the circumstances connected with it, to his Commanding Officer, Captain, Haskell, who on hearing the story, ordered the Sergeant to find a Detective, to have the man arrested, and locked up in the calaboose.

Fifteen minutes later, this Yankee-killer was safely under lock and key. The same evening, Capt. Haskel sent for us, and investigated the case. After finding it satisfactory, he preferred charges against the man, on which he was tried next day, by the City Court, and not finding witnesses for his defense, he thought it best to plead guilty. His sentence was "ten dollars fine," or "twenty days hard labor," (in confinement) working on the "chain-gang," and not being able to pay his fine, he consequently had to

serve twenty days in the calaboose. I presume there were a great many persons who had imperfect ideas in regard to Confederate Soldiers being brought before a Civil Court. I agree with them there — this was seldom done.

But when this occurred, there were no soldiers in the city, except those few recruits, and any of them who did commit themselves, were put in the calaboose, and tried by court authority, instead of being put in the guard-house and tried by court-martial.

CHAPTER XII.

FAREWELL SAN ANTONIO.

Next day, there was a rumor afloat, that we would be removed to the prison camp, which was about seven miles from San Antonio. I am not positive as to the exact date now, whether it was the 9th or 10th of July; about that time we received orders to pack up, and be ready by 1 o'clock P. M., to start for our destination — "Camp Vanthorn."

Precisely at the fixed time, two wagons arrived in front of our quarters, to receive our baggage and conduct us to the camp. It nevertheless, took us until three o'clock to get away.

As it was every one of us was very much liked by all the citizens, and when they were informed of the fact of our leaving San Antonio, hundreds came to bid us good-bye, and with tears in their eyes and rolling down their cheeks, begged us not to forget them, especially the "gentle female sex" of San Antonio.

Now imagine, parting from friends; the pain was hardly to be borne, but I often thought since, that the pain did not break any of our hearts, or theirs either. After all kinds of promises, and assurances of unalterable fidelity, in the future to them, we then rode off

at a slow gait, all in one wagon, the band striking up and playing, "The girl I left behind me," "The Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," and various other patriotic pieces, etc.

I did not "play" my instrument, the lantern, that day either.

I had, however, the best chance of taking observations. At that time, I could notice in particular when the national pieces were played, men and women crying bitterly, and waving their handkerchiefs, until we were out of sight — no doubt they were Union people.

CHAPTER XIII.

ARRIVING AT THE CAMP, AND WELCOMED BY THE SEVEN COMPANIES.

We soon got used to camp life, and I, for my part, liked it better, and found it more beneficial to both body and mind, enjoying the excercise and the fresh country air. The limits allowed us, were one mile each way from camp. I generally occupied myself during the long days, in gathering some wood, and carrying a few buckets of water for the cook, after which two or three of us would take a walk, for an hour or two, subsequently passing the time away in various occupations — playing cards, reading novels, etc. I had been very fortunate in the line of reading matter, being in possession of the "Waverly Novels," complete, by Sir Walter Scott. Many and many a time I made the remark: 'I have completed reading those novels through, boys, and our captivity will soon be at end,' but met as often with disappointment in my prophecy.

Camp Vanthorn is situated on a bluff, in the prairie; three hundred yards off is a small creek, but nearly dried up, with the exception of a few pools; a half mile farther on the east side is a chapparel grove, and

the only place where the men could gather wood, carrying it home to camp on their shoulders. Only a few houses were visible, and the site was desolate in general.

An ex-United States Army Officer, Captain Graham, with his Confederate Cavalry Troop, consisting of ninety men, had charge of us prisoners of war. But yet it was his just due to call him a gentleman, for he did treat us as well as the Confederacy would allow him, and in the line of provisions, anything *his* men had, we had also. The Sergeant of the Band, and the Orderly Sergeant of the Companies, made out their ration-returns regular every ten days, on which we received the full allowance.

All the cooking utensils the Band and Companies had previous to their being taken prisoners, were left in their possession.

In regard to the treatment we received at Camp Vanthorn, none of us could, or did complain; any prisoner wishing to be absent from camp, for the purpose of visiting San Antonio, or other places, all he had to do, was, to have a pass made out, and sent in to the Adjutant's office, for from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, and even for a longer time, for the approval of the Commanding Officer, and I never heard that any of those passes had been disapproved.

In regard to the war news, we were just as well

informed as the Confederate soldiers, and rather better at that time. Nevertheless, the authorities and officers of Texas, tried their utmost to persuade us to enlist in their cause. If any of the newspapers contained favorable news of the Confederate Army, as having been victorious in such or such a battle, and so many thousand "Yankees" killed, and taken prisoners, or a General so and so, surrendered his whole command, the Yankee army completely annihilated, etc., then we would be certain that our camp would be visited that day by several officers from San Antonio, distributing newspapers, by the dozen, among us.

But this was not all, for they were in possession of a General Department Order, giving them authority to make speeches among prisoners, and being authorized by the same order, to enlist men from us prisoners in their army, and that they would also give us our choice to select any branch of their service; but still they advised us, that it would be the best thing for the whole command to turn over to them, and have Companies organized and that they would likewise give us the privilege of selecting our own officers, and then they gave us an illustration of the strength of the South, and their right to fight for their negroes, their property and their homes, and also were trying to make us believe that God was on their side, and that in a few months the Yankees would surely be beaten.

We, of course, listened to them, and afterward expressed our own opinions in turn, and told them, "that all this palavering did not amount to a pinch of snuff, and that we were no children, but men, and United States soldiers, and further told them to go somewhere else to get recruits and not to trouble us any more.

CHAPTER XIV.

SAD DEATH OF OUR COMRADE, STEWARD BERGMAN.

The Steward, Bergman, from day to day became more and more dejected, sometimes he wandered off without saying a word to anyone, and would stay away three or four days at a time; I tried all I could to cheer him up, once in a while I took him out for a walk, asking him the reason he was so downhearted.

He replied: "Being a prisoner, and not knowing for how long a time, why should not I be downhearted, I am tired of my life, and wish I were dead."

'Foolishness,' I replied 'you are a young man, and everything has its end, we may be released in a few months, and be what we were before; you always have been cheerful and full of fun, why not be so now, everything to your own advantage is before you, to a man educated like you are, there can be no hindrance to getting along in the world, and furthermore, you know there are over three hundred of us in the same fix you are, and every man in this command is sorry to see you in the fix you are in, they would all very gladly do anything to serve you, and make you feel comfortable.'

After these few encouraging words from me he became more talkative, and seemed to feel more contented

than ever before, and it was a pleasure to listen to his stories, and in singing songs he could not be outdone; he was also an able conversationalist on any topic whatever.

In a few days, he renewed his old tricks again, walking off, without any of us being aware of it.

Arnold, and I then applied for a pass, for the purpose of searching for him, and with the intention of bringing him back if we could possibly find him, and have him admitted to the Hospital, but all our search was ineffectual.

The fourth day, in the evening, a party of three soldiers of Graham's Company, reported that they had seen, about three miles from camp, on their way home, a man lying in the road, under a tree, dead, and that this man resembled the Steward.

The Commanding Officer immediately ordered a detail of men, with a team, to convey the body into camp, and at sundown they returned, bringing the body of Bergman, who had been examined by the Doctor, and who declared the cause of his death, an "Overdose of Morphine."

Next day the remains of Bergman were conducted to their last resting place, and buried with military honors. It is my belief that General Vanthorn was to blame, in causing the death of the Steward. About two weeks before we had reported ourselves to the

General, several non-commissioned staff officers, had been paroled, and in view of this, the Steward applied for a parole also, but his application was disapproved. From that day on he worried himself, and became more and more down-hearted from day to day, until he lost his reason entirely and became completely insane.

CHAPTER XV.

THE EDITOR DASHIELL.

Three days later, Captain Graham went on a fifteen days leave of absence, but never returned to his Company; it was supposed that he passed through the Confederate lines, and joined the Union Troops.

All the prisoners were sorry to lose him, and a great many privileges formerly enjoyed we were now deprived of, since the short time of Graham's absence.

The editor and proprietor of a San Antonio newspaper, continually kept hammering at us prisoners, in his editorial columns, and the substance thereof, was about the following :

"Those damnable prisoners are a great nuisance, and an injury to the Confederacy; their privileges should and must be taken away from them; lying in camp, and allowing those vagabonds of a Yankee mob to visit our cities and towns, stirring up all the imaginary evils, etc., among our citizens and soldiers, and those prisoners are also the cause of the desertion of one of our best officers, Captain Graham."

"Their everlasting troublesomeness drove him away, and it is the duty of the authorities of the Confederacy, to listen to the appeal of its citizens, and comply with

their demands, and treat those prisoners as they deserve. Curses on them and confinement in a deep dark dungeon, is too good for them, and far better than they actually deserve."

So many years have elapsed, that I have forgotten the name of this paper, but not the name of the proprietor — Dashiell, or "Major" Dashiell — as he was generally called, and I have no doubt a good many nen know, or have known or heard of him, if not, I think it only just, to give a description of him.

Dashiell had held, several years previous to the begining of the war, a commission as Major and Paymaster in the U. S. army, but through his dishonesty, of an embezzlement to the amount of thirty thousand dollars from the United States Government, he was brought before and tried by a General Court Martial, and sentenced to be "cashiered." He played this trick, in coming on a steamer from New Orleans, to Powderhorn, Texas, with $30,000 to pay off Troops with.

Between New Orleans and Galveston, he pretended to feel unwell, so leaning against the side of the ship, his arms hanging outside, and the upper part of his body hanging over, and holding a bag in his hands, filled with something heavy, (very likely lead or stone) which he dropped with a splash into the water below; then the Major commenced calling out vehemently,

"to stop the boat," saying "that the bag containing all his money accidently dropped into the gulf."

The boat was stopped and search was made for the "lost treasure," but all the labor was useless. A great many men said and believed, that this bag that the Paymaster had carried, contained no money at all, and that the bag business had been only a blind.

Anyway, after he had been discovered by Uncle Sam, he settled down in San Antonio, and it was known that he was one of the richest men in the city, at that time.

It was certainly known by every citizen in San Antonio that he was a notorious swindler. Therefore he should have kept his peace, and not been hammering all the while at the prisoners.

This infernal newspaper was the "evil spirit," and the destroyer of our many little comforts.

In the middle of September we were removed to Camp Verdee, about sixty miles distant from Canp Vanthorn, and we were escorted thither by twenty men of Graham's Company; on the third day, at 10 o'clock A. M. we arrived at our destination, and encamped about four to five hundred yards west from old Camp Verdee, which had formerly been occupied by a Company of United States Troops, and at that time by a Captain Dill's Company of the rebel army. During the march to Camp Verdee, we dropped the name "Confederates," and substituted the word "Rebels."

CHAPTER XVI.

CAMP VERDEE.

The first thing we did after arriving in camp was to pitch tents, and no sooner done than we were ordered to strike tents for the purpose of having them turned in to the Quartermaster at Camp Verdee.

We asked if they would furnish us with new ones.

The lieutenant in charge laughingly replied:

"No, I think not; you men have had tents long enough, and can do very well without them, and we have to use them for *our* army."

The order "to strike tents" was disobeyed, and we told him 'that if he wanted them to take his own men and get them.'

Every man of us stuck together 'like bricks,' and not a one of us would lay on a hand to help them. The same evening we held a long consultation over the matter, and finally came to the conclusion, that shelter we must have, and if the rebels would lend us two or three teams, for hauling the necessary logs, etc., for building purposes, we would then be able to erect some kind of shanties, to protect us from the cold and wet. Next day the Orderly Sergeants of Companies stated

the case to the Commanding Officer, who directly refused us this favor we had asked for.

He said: "If you prisoners want shelter go and make it yourselves. I don't want to be constantly troubled with prisoners any longer."

As I have said before, all the tools, axes, spades, shovels, cooking utensils, etc., were left in the possession of prisoners at their surrender, and kept in good condition up to this time. We proceeded at once to work, and four men, more or less, clubbed together; each club had its architect, who planned the huts, and everyone went to work with a will, some digging holes from two to three feet deep, others again cutting wood, and splitting it into rails, and another party carried them into camp, and in four or five days our huts were finished, and "Prisontown" stood defiant with her streets laid out beautifully, situated on a small hill, opposite Camp Verdee.

How the rebels were astonished to see the alterations in the prison camp in such a short period of time. From this time on the camp really bore some resemblance to a town, and named for a fact, "Prisontown."

After all this was done, we went to work and built a large bakeoven, for convenience sake in baking our own bread, and luckily we had a professional baker among us, who took the job very gladly. I also remember now, that I have not previously mentioned

anything about ladies in our camp. There were ten married ladies, having the occupation of laundresses, that belonged to the Band, and different Companies, and who were with their husbands in "Prisontown." Now to make these ladies more comfortable, we had found it our duty to club together and build their residences larger, and more suitable for them, and their families.

After we had everything satisfactorily completed, we began to like the place better than our last one. The climate was healthier, and a brook of clear, spring water ran about a hundred yards from camp, and likewise about half a mile off, there was wood in abundance, the finest of live oak, cypress, sycamore and numbers of other kinds of trees. But still we had to bring it into camp on our shoulders, and all of us took great pride in keeping the town clean.

We made rules, to have men purposely detailed for "police duty," every day. The first thing after breakfast we policed the streets, and at about nine o'clock in the morning the "town" was always clean.

One day there happened a little personal incident between an old settler and myself. It was a little over two years previous, that Company I, 1st U. S. Infantry, had been stationed at Camp Verdee, in which I became very well acquainted, during that time, throughout the whole neighborhood, and especially

with a Ranger who lived about a mile from Camp Verdee, by the name of Lange, who was the owner of a numberless lot of cattle, intermixed with all breeds.

I, and a few comrades of mine, frequently went to his house, spending the little money we had, usually with Lange and his family, in drinking "wild wine" and bad whiskey, and for a change we used to imagine we had a nice time.

Lange, in his generosity, after our money was spent, used to trust us until pay-day. But it happened, just a little while before pay-day, that Company I had to change stations, and I unfortunately was left debtor to Lange, in the sum of Three Dollars and Fifteen Cents.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MISER, OR, THE SOUTHERN UNION MAN.

One morning, who should I espy in Prisontown, but Mr. Lange, with a span of mules and a wagon, peddling butter and eggs among the prisoners. As soon as he had seen and recognized me, he walked towards me; we looked at each other for a few moments and then shook hands. He began asking me how it came to pass that I was a prisoner, how long did I think I would remain one, and a number of other questions.

He ended by inviting me and a comrade to call and see him at his ranch, he telling me in a whisper that he was a Union man.

I promised him faithfully that I would visit him on the morrow. The following day three of us called upon Lange and his family. When we entered his place he met us about twenty-five yards from his house.

"Oh, by the way," he said, "Schwartz, you owe me a small bill yet, which is now over two and a half years past due, I had forgotten to speak to you about it yesterday, when I was in your camp."

'Oh, very well,' I said, 'I recollect it perfectly, and if I am not mistaken it amounts to about Three Dollars and Fifteen Cents.'

"Yes, that is it," he replied, "but in such a length of time do you not think it ought to amount to fifty cents more?"

I then said, 'All right, add fifty cents to it and make it Three Dollars and Sixty-five Cents. But, friend Lange,' I continued, 'you have invited these two men and myself to visit your house and family, and we have accepted your invitation, therefore, I am very anxious to see the mistress and the two little misses, and to settle the little bill of a few dollars, which is not worth mentioning; that we may settle at some other time. I take you to be a man of good common-sense; you perceive the peculiar position I am placed in, and further it is over eight months past since I have received any money from the United States Government, and I do not know how long it will be before I receive any more. I am likewise of the opinion, and you told me so yourself that you were 'a sound Union man,' I said laughingly; 'I know that if I had the money and should hand you those few dollars, you certainly would not accept of them, especially from a Union prisoner and a friend.'

He tried several times to interpose while I was speaking; at last he presented himself in his true colors, as the despicable miser he was, by expressing himself in the following language, the substance of which, as near as I can recollect, was as follows:

That if I had money I must pay him, if I didn't he would compel me; that he did not know that Union soldiers would lower themselves so and cheat their best friends; that he had always been a "Union man" and stood up for the Union, but from this time on the 'Union may go to grass, or to the devil, for all he cared,' and kept on cursing me and all belonging to the Union. Finally, I became warmed up, and unable to endure his vile language any longer; I told him my opinion of him and what I thought of his actions, that he ought to feel ashamed of himself for using such vile language, especially a wealthy man like he was, and all on account of a few dollars, and if I had paid him and spent a few more dollars with him, for his whiskey and sour wine, that then he would profess himself a "Union man," but failing in his niggardly calculations, he professes himself the reverse, and that he was a man without any principle, neither a "Union man" nor a "Rebel," and that for one dime he would sell both, and all his relatives into the bargain — he being a mere nothing — a miser.

I turned around to my two comrades, and said: 'let us go boys, and remember him when we get back to camp, and inform them what kind of a "Union man" comes with his wagon, peddling butter and eggs and charging enormous prices for them.'

At the same time I turned around, and facing him,

exhibited several five dollar gold pieces lying flat in my hand, and said: 'Miser, do you see these? Perhaps if you had shown a little more civility towards us, you then might have had one of these 'shiners' in your pocket.' That was the last word between us; as we proceeded towards camp the miser's curse followed us. We could hear him swearing like a trooper, and yelling, 'I must have the money, you must pay me, and I am bound to make you pay me, etc.'

But it was worth seeing next day, the way the miser was compelled to skulk out of camp with his peddling wagon.

I have only related this little incident, that occurred between my friend Lange and myself, to show one of the prominent characters among the 'Southern Union Men,' of whom there were hundreds of the same stamp in the South, and I was not surprised that after the close of the war, a great many of these men demanded damages of the United States Government.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BAYLOR'S EXPEDITION INTO NEW MEXICO.

During the latter part of September and the first part of October, there was great excitement throughout Western Texas, and all of the spare troops were called upon to assemble at a rendezvous between San Antonio and Camp Verdee, for the purpose of completing General Baylor's expedition to march against and fight General Canby, in New Mexico.

At that time, almost daily, squads of rebel recruits passed by our camp on their way to join this expedition. For amusement we used to make it our business to ask these 'rebs' which way they were bound, what corps they belonged to, whom they were going to fight, etc. They boasted that they belonged to Baylor's command, and were marching to New Mexico to whip Canby and his 'Yanks,' and all the Yankees that they did not kill they would take prisoners, and bring them here to keep us company.

Every time we saw a squad of these 'boasters' approaching our camp we sent one or two of our men to meet them, who questioned them as above, but every one of those 'Yankee Killer's' had the same story to tell. Baylor was their watchword and their God. I

recollect Baylor, who previous to this rebellion was known as Captain Baylor, and held the position of Indian Agent at the lower agency, about fifteen miles from Fort Belknap, Texas. But for defrauding these poor Indians, 'Uncle Sam' had deprived him of this responsible position, and sent him adrift.

In order to revenge himself on 'Uncle Sam' and the Indians, he gathered together about twelve hundred men, who were nothing else than outlaws of the worst stamp, and with Baylor at their head, adopted the name of 'Regulators.'

Their chief object was to take the law into their own hands, and drive the Indians off their reservation, to rob the Agency, steal ponies from the Indians, and divide the spoils among themselves. Every day, almost, they committed outrages of a similar character, until the U. S. Government interfered by sending four companies of the 1st U. S. Infantry, and three troops of the 2d U. S. Cavalry to stop them from committing any further violence, which resulted in the dispersion of the 'Regulators' in Texas.

Any one who had ever heard Baylor play on the violin was compelled to acknowledge that in that capacity he could hardly be excelled, for indeed he was a first-class violinist. But, although he was at that time the hero of Texas, and their 'Second Napoleon,' in a few months later Texas thought entirely different.

During the first few months of our stay in 'Prison-town,' visitors came almost daily, from far and wide, through curiosity, to visit our camp and town and see what kind of animals the Yankees were. If the Rebels at Camp Verdee had any suspicion that any of the visitors were Union men or Union sympathizers, they were always escorted through the camp by an officer, accompanied by three or four soldiers.

CHAPTER XIX.

UNION CITIZENS ATTEMPT TO SET US FREE.

One day there was a rumor afloat that several hundred Union men were concealed in the vicinity of our camp. It was said they were determined to have, in a week's time, at the furthest, everything fixed for our escape, and unawares they would have us fully armed and equipped with plenty of ammunition, and if we combined with them, there would be but few obstacles to prevent us from crossing the Rio Grande, and then report to the American Consul at Monterey, Mexico.

They still further cautioned us, that we should hold ourselves in readiness, watching day and night, and always hoping that the present be our last day in Prison.

It was a positive fact, that there had been a body of Union men organized for the purpose of liberating us, but the Rebels soon found it out, so of course, they had to disperse.

The majority of these Union men made their escape into Mexico, and from there to the United States, where they enlisted in the Union Army. After this hopeful opportunity of obtaining our liberty, and the failure of the undertaking of our deliverers, the Rebels

became more watchful. Sentries were then posted around Prisontown, citizens were forbidden to enter, or to have any intercourse with us. In the latter part of December, 1861, the "Rebs" thought it a good policy to separate us, in case there should be a like chance offered us again for escape, which they were fearing, that through a united effort with citizens we might make good our escape.

One week previous to the distribution of the six Companies of prisoners, two of our comrades made their escape, one a U. S. Hospital Steward, and the other a Sergeant of Company "C," 8th U. S. Infantry; if I recollect aright the former's name was Foster, the latter Hillbrat. Each of those men had from four to five hundred dollars in gold with them, which they had saved during their long services in the United States Army, but the "Rebels" became aware of their absence the day following, upon which the Commanding Officer immediately ordered a Patrol party consisting of one Sergeant and seven Privates, to pursue, capture and bring them back to Camp Verdee again.

In about eight days after, the pursuers returned without them, and the Sergeant of the Patrol reported that he with his party had trailed them six miles across the Rio Grande river into Mexico, where they found the two men lying beside each other dead, with a

gun-shot wound through each of their heads, and their pockets empty. This murder they claimed as having been committed by Mexican highwaymen.

In the first place this armed Patrol had no right to enter Mexico, and it was never believed by us, that they did enter. Those poor prisoners were captured on the Texas side, by the said Patrol party, and the money divided among them, which we all took to be a fact. Their's was only a concocted story among themselves. They were the murderers and robbers, and no one else. When any of us did ask a member of that Patrol party, about our two murdered comrades, the stories would invariably differ.

CHAPTER XX.

DISPERSING UNION PRISONERS

So then one morning early, six Companies were ordered to pack up, and to be ready in one hour's time for a move.

At the same time Dill's Company was relieved from duty at Camp Verdee, and detailed to guard those six Companies of prisoners on their march, and to distribute them at different posts, on their route, as follows:

One Company to be left at Fort Mason, distance ninety miles from Camp Verdee.

One Company at Fort McKavett, sixty miles from Fort Mason.

One Company at Camp Colorado, sixty-five miles from Fort McKavett.

Two Companies at Fort Chadbourne, fifty-six miles from Camp Colorado.

One Company at Camp Cooper, one-hundred and twenty miles from Fort Chadbourne.

It was really laughable to see about 330 prisoners of war, divided into six parties, and distributed along the country over the distance of 391 miles.

But it was their intention in thus separating us, to render us unable to effect our freedom by escape or

revolt. After the removal of these six Companies, Prisontown looked very lonesome, which then contained only the Band, and Company C, 8th U. S. Infantry. Next day, everyone of us were busy in picking out the best huts, that had been vacated by the Companies that had left.

Moving out of one hut, and moving into another was the order of the day. The preceding day we came to the conclusion to erect a large shed, eighty feet long, and forty feet wide, with a floor made of clay, for the purpose of having dances in the evening, or else for various other amusements.

But after everything was completed to our entire satisfaction, our harmless pleasures and enjoyments soon came to an end, as told hereafter.

CHAPTER XXI.

TYRANNICAL TREATMENT BY CAPTAIN HOLMES.

Captain Holmes, in his revenge on the 8th Infantry Band, ordered them to play no more unless he gave them permission, and that permission he never granted them.

The strength of Captain Holmes' Company was about eighty enlisted men, and a more dirty and brutal set of "ignoramuses" I never saw, and their Commander, Captain Holmes, with his subalterns, were not much better. Their men, who lacked discipline, were allowed to do as they pleased. We were insulted by them daily, and maltreated with violence, by their throwing stones, or brick-bats, etc., at prisoners, if any of us were passing near, or through their camp.

It happened, that some of us had to go on duty one day, to draw rations from the Commissary, at their camp, and generally at that time a half dozen or so of these fellows kept themselves in readiness for their amusements, by calling us all the vulgar and vile names that were ever heard or expressed by mankind; if any of us answered them for the purpose of returning the compliment, they would call us vile names, and at the same time picking up stones, or any other article at

hand, throwing them at us, and saying: "Take that and that, and if you contemptible scums of Yankee dogs don't shut up, we'll stone you to death."

In reference to Captain Holmes' revenge on the Band, I will state the substance thereof, and of the conversation that occurred between the Captain and the Acting-Sergeant of the Band. I recollect the date well — it was on the 23d day of December, 1861, when the Captain spoke to the Acting-Sergeant of the Band, whose name was Moser.

"Well, Sergeant Moser," he said, "to-morrow night the officers are going to have a hop in my quarters, and I expect a good many respectable citizens of this neighborhood, who have promised to be present."

"And, therefore," he continued, "I want you with four of the best musicians of your Band, to fix up a nice string quartette, and play for us to-morrow night."

To which Moser replied:

"Captain, I am sorry to tell you that we are already engaged; we likewise, are going to have a dancing party on Christmas Eve."

"Oh," said the Captain, "you can manage it very well, so as to be able to play for both parties; there are ten first-class musicians in the Band, and I only require five, whom I promise to pay well."

"Captain," Moser said, "I have to tell you again, that there is not one man in this Band whom you

could hire for all the money the Officers in Camp Verdee possess."

The Captain then said: "Now, Moser, you men have got to play for us — there is no getting out of it; you must remember that I am your Commanding Officer."

"That is just it," Moser replied, "and to our sorrow, I must say, that you have the name of Commanding Officer, but are powerless over the men in your Company, whom you see daily abusing and insulting us helpless prisoners, and if you were a gentleman, and a man of humane feeling, as Commanding Officer and Company Commander, you certainly would not allow the men of your company to treat us with such vileness or inhumanity. But it seems that you are the leader of a band of outlaws, and willingly approve of their mean actions, and further, you have no authority whatsoever, ordering us to play for you, and you cannot make us either."

The Captain then said: "But from now on, you shall be treated a little differently than heretofore, mark my word!" After delivering himself thus he walked off and left us to ourselves.

So then Holmes had to go elsewhere and hire a country fiddler, to play for his Select Dancing Party.

Christmas Eve came at last, when we had a pleasant, joyful time, which was continued until daybreak

next day. Every one of us were merry that night, and to make everything end satisfactorily, we concluded with a procession, which was conducted in the following order:

The Band at head of column, followed by the soldiers' wives, or laundresses, and Company C constituting the rear column. The tallest lady was promoted to the rank of Color Sergeant; after the formation of the Batallion, the Band struck up "Yankee Doodle," the column filing off by two's, marching through "Main Street and Prisontown." The Band kept on continually playing all the national pieces they could think of; after the conclusion of the procession, three cheers were given for the Union, President Lincoln, his Generals, and the Soldiers under them — so ended our last "pleasantry" while prisoners of war.

But some may wonder how we came in the possession of a Union flag. In reply, I must say that credit was due for this to our female prisoners, who were all sound patriotists; they were the fabricators of the flag.

Next day, December 26th, after retreat, the Sergeant of the Guard with a squad of men surrounded our camp, driving us out of our huts. When on our asking what they were trying to do, they told us "that all the prisoners, families included, had to move into our dancing shed, and sleep in it every night, and that they had received very strict orders from the Commanding

Officer, Captain Holmes, not to allow any music, singing or loud talking, and that there would also be four sentries posted around the shed, and if any of us should attempt to sneak out on them, not to challenge, but knock or shoot us down like dogs."

We thought it advisable not to trifle with our "guardsmen," and to submit quietly to our added hardships. Every evening regularly, we were driven together in the dancing shed, and at *Reveille* like cattle, as regular as clockwork, were then let loose again.

CHAPTER XXII.

BELOW HALF RATIONS.

This is one of Captain Holmes' sweet revenges. The 31st of December was ration-day, but instead of issuing us our regular ration of coffee, sugar, hominy, vinegar, candles, soap, salt, pepper, etc., we had to be content with half rations. For instance, eight pounds of coffee was at that time the allowance for a hundred rations, and twelve pounds of sugar, eighteen ounces of flour, etc., per day, but as a substitute for coffee, they issued us four pounds of rye, six pounds of sugar, four pounds of hominy, vinegar none, candles none, soap none, and very little salt and pepper, and to cap it, the coarsest kind of corn meal instead of flour. We tried our best to obtain satisfaction, but altogether in vain. As we expected this treatment would last only for a short time, we tried to make the best of it for the time being, hoping that Captain Holmes might have some few grains of humane feeling left in him, and that he was only trying to show the power he had over us prisoners; we still bore up, hoping for a change.

Ration-day after ration-day followed, but always the

same rations; at last they made a little change by issuing us as a substitute for rye — barley.

In the month of May, 1862, we suffered the most from want of sustenance.

Our daily food was beef and "corndodgers," neither rye, barley nor salt did we receive during this month. At one time, while a number of us were sitting together, I made the remark, that comething *must* be done to save ourselves from becoming dirty, and to preserve our health. We decided the first thing on the programme was to try and make soap.

All of us then went to work, gathering the necessary substance — bones, offals, waste meat, etc. We commenced the manufacture of soft soap, in which we entirely succeeded. But how should and how could we obtain salt? Without this article we surely would become sick, sooner or later. Some few of the boys said, "that they would take the risk and sneak around the Commissary, during the coming night, and search for empty pork barrels, to obtain the brine.

The same night, two men of the Band took courage and made a haul of about one-half bushel of brine; by this means the evil was averted.

Next day we held another consultation, to procure a substitute for rye or barley. Some said, "that we have yet cornmeal on hand, let us see what kind of beverage this will produce. We tried the experiment,

but none of us could endure the taste of it, afterwards we experimented on crackers or hard bread, but this was a failure likewise. The following morning, without saying a word to my comrades, I walked off, along the creek, meditating for several hours, jumping from one thing to another, thinking of the past and of the future, and during this pleasant amusement I espied a number of sassafras bushes. Hold on I thought, now for it, this may be serviceable, and if prepared right will serve as tea, I then procured a large quantity and started for home.

As soon as the Band saw me coming towards camp, they all gathered around, and asked a hundred different questions in regard to my cargo of sassafras.

'Now boys,' said I, 'we have tried almost everything that could be tried: cornmeal, crackers, hard bread, etc., to make coffee or tea of, and they have all ended in failures; I think this sassafras, if carefully prepared, will make a good healthy drink, which can be used instead of tea.'

To make the story short, with the aid of our everlasting inventions and new discoveries, we passed the month of May. On the first of June, our usual allowance or half rations was issued again. But Captain Holmes was not quite satisfied yet, with seeing us poor helpless prisoners suffering from hunger, but instead he was determined to make us more wretched.

He had a picket fence constructed around Camp Verdee, which required several thousand pickets to complete its construction. From that time we were marched to the "timber," a distance from one to one and a half miles from the camp, and there the prisoners were divided into squads, and from four to five men in each squad, after which we received instructions about the breadth, thickness, etc., of the pickets required, and the number each of us must cut, but a great many were too weak to perform the task, but no matter, our Commander had no consideration, his answer was, you prisoners must cut that number of pickets every day, until the fence is completed. So generally, each party worked together, the stronger helping the weaker ones, and after the completion of our hard day's task, all the little strength we had was exhausted for that day, and we were kept at this work every day for nearly one whole month.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NEWLY CLOTHED.

The next greatest trouble we felt, was in not being properly clothed. It was now over twelve months past, since we had received clothing of any kind, from the Confederate government.

We were obliged to be daily tailoring, sewing one patch on another, but this bungling work had to come to an end, from the scarcity of patches and thread.

At last we applied to the Commanding Officer, Captain Holmes, and begged him to try and have us clothed, and I do not know, whether it was through his request or not, that clothing was sent to us, but clothing was sent to us shortly after, and there was issued to each prisoner the following articles of clothing, viz:

One pair of striped home-made trousers.
Two pairs of cotton stockings.
Two pairs of drawers.
One striped "duster."
One old "stovepipe" hat.
One pair of boots.

Indeed, we made a strange appearance in our new

uniform; being striped all over, all kinds of colors, in front and rear, from head to foot.

Finally we held another council on the subject, and passed the resolution that all the colors of our dress be uniform, and the following day all hands went to work to gather walnuts and their peelings, for a dye, to use together with the inside bark of the walnut tree.

All the camp kettles and mess pans were filled with water, and the above mentioned ingredients set on the fire to boil; then the dusters, trousers and shirts were put in the same vessels, and allowed to boil for five or six hours, afterwards washed and wrung in clear water, and finally hung up to dry. Next day we dressed ourselves in these articles of clothing, in which we presented an improved appearance.

The "Rebs" were greatly astonished thereat; they asked us "how we came by that dress, and were anxious to know what we had done with the clothing we had received the day previous."

We all began to laugh, and some of the prisoners told them:

"That they must be very dull not to perceive that those were the very articles of clothing issued to us the day before." It took a long time to make them understand the fact, until one prisoner spoke up and said: "All the alterations you see, is only Yankee ingenuity." So he made a full explanation to them

of our dyeing process, and that we "Yankees" were easily able to do things beyond their comprehension.

In the latter part of the month of June, the guard around our dancing-hall was withdrawn at night, and we were allowed to sleep in our respective houses and quarters again.

The remaining scattered companies of prisoners along the frontier posts, were ordered to pack up and assemble at Camp Verdee. Oh! how glad we were, when we heard of this order ; for we expected that the end of our captivity was near at hand.

It was strange, how suddenly all of us poor prisoners became more and more cheerful every day. We assembled more frequently, telling stories, singing songs, and every thing in the line of amusement was set in motion, and to complete our recreations, the Band began to play their gay old pieces again.

In the forepart of July, the six companies arrived at Camp Verdee, or properly named "Prisontown," and we had a glorious time that night. But in regard to news from the seat of war, they were more ignorant than we were. During the long time they were at the frontier posts, they did not receive a single newspaper, and to communicate with their relatives or friends at home was strictly forbidden, but still they were of the same opinion that this concentration augured a speedy release from captivity.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SUBSTANCE OF A REBEL RECRUITING OFFICER'S SPEECH.

Next day, a Rebel Recruiting Officer entered "Prisontown," and by order of the tyrant Captain Holmes, we were assembled and formed into two ranks. Immediately after the formation, this rebel "chevalier," who measured about six feet and a half in his stockings, made his appearance, when he commenced to speak about this "cruel war," and oh! how he pitied us poor prisoners, for not being taken notice of by the United States Government, and for this very reason he made his appearance in our midst, to converse with us, to enlighten us, and to let us know all the particulars of what was going on between the two governments, and the perilous position of the Yankee States; and that he had the documents with him to prove this true. At the same time he produced various Confederate newspapers, and reading telegram after telegram, which contained nothing else but Confederate victories, and defeats, and destruction to the Union Army; in fact a total annihilation of the Union Army, and continued: "I am here this day as your deliverer, and have the power in my hand to set you free this instant," providing we enlisted in their "glorious and

righteous cause," and the victorious Confederate army, and furthermore, that the Confederate Government would pay us all the claims and dues that we might have on the United States as soldiers, and further, that he had money enough with him to pay each man a large amount of handmoney in cash right down, displaying at the same time a large amount of "Greybacks" or Confederate money.

"Now is the time to join the righteous cause," and by this time "our eyes ought to be opened," that it could be plainly seen that our Government had forgotten us, and that they never did care anything for us, either, or else they would have done something to have us exchanged long ago.

"That the War Department had sent requests to Washington for this very purpose, several times, but no heed was taken thereof."

"And that he was fully assured, in regard to the Northern Government, that it would have to submit to their dictation in a few months from now, and that the North was getting weaker and weaker every day, and the South in reverse, getting stronger and more powerful. That they had England on their side, and even France, and other European Powers are their friends, and inclined to the cause for which they are fighting, etc." Indeed the allurement was great, but this impudent "coaxer" did not succeed in his

calculations, although he kept us nearly two hours listening to his nonsensical gibberish.

He ended by saying: "Be men, my friends, and step forward one and all, and have your names enrolled at once," fingering at the same time, the roll of "greybacks," and passing it from one hand to another, and bawling out like a lion:

"Friends it is my solemn duty, as a christian, and a man of sympathy, and therefor I call to you all, come, come, come."

We could not bear to hear this language any longer, and so we all of a sudden gave three hearty cheers for the Union. Then others started an argument, and told him in "plain English" "that he must be crazy, or else a fool," to think we would believe his infernal story, composed of pure lies, and to go somewhere else to recruit the ragged, hungry, miserable rebel army, and that we were treated bad enough as it was, without him to come and take us for fools; that we were all men, and not children."

Then he started off in disappointment, although two prisoners were missing next morning. But as I have said before, the worst characters of Union soldiers always joined the Rebel army, and we were all glad to get rid of those two scums.

I must say, after this we were not annoyed by Rebel Recruiting Officers any more.

Two weeks later in July, we were ordered to pack up and be ready for a move.

Great excitement existed in Prisontown that day, but we were no wiser than before, and no one could find out our destination, nor anything about it. We then took things very quietly, and every prisoner had a hopeful idea of being exchanged and set free at last, but instead of being freed, we were marched about sixty miles, and encamped at a place about six miles from San Antonio, by the name of San Antonio Springs, without tents or shelter, and the allowance of rations was reduced still more, and we were kept under close guard.

CHAPTER XXV.

SAN ANTONIO SPRINGS.

Immediately after our arrival at San Antonio Springs, Sentries were posted around us, not more than forty or fifty yards apart; none of us prisoners were allowed outside of the line of sentinels, with the exception of one or two men at a time, and then only for absolute necessity. It was an awful sight to see from eight to ten prisoners, waiting in pain, for their turn, and begging for God's sake to be let out. But we were always answered by the Sentry that he had to obey orders.

Once in a while some Sentry on his beat on the abutment, had more consideration, and let prisoners slide out on their own risk and responsibility. We constantly begged and requested of the Officer of the day to intercede for us, in this particular point of hard treatment, and likewise, if he could obtain the Commanding Officer's permission to allow us to go outside of the line, and carry some material into our desolate camp, for the purpose of constructing some kind of shelter, and in doing this, his kindness would be very much appreciated by us. At last we were notified, that if we wanted shelter the Commanding Officer had no objection, that we could have his permission to

gather brush, and any kind of deadwood inside the prisonline, but under no circumstances or consideration were prisoners allowed outside of the line.

As heretofore three or four men together, went to went to work at once, digging holes and cutting wood, bushes, deadwood, etc., and in two days from then we were sheltered from the wind but not from the rain. We made application several times to the Headquarters for passes, for the purpose of visiting San Antonio, to purchase articles for our needs, such as tobacco, matches, needles, thread, etc.

This request was granted us, so that daily four men in their regular turn, received passes for the before mentioned purpose.

Myself and three of my companions were trying to get passes the same day, but were disappointed with the one word written on the back of the pass: "Disapproved." And after asking for an explanation of this disapproval, we were told that our time had not come yet.

But, notwithstanding, we were determined that by fair means or foul, if on the following day, our passes should be disapproved again, then we would devise a plan, to get outside of the line of sentries, at all hazards.

As we expected, the next day our passes met with the same result — disapproval. We then planned and

planned, how the whole party should be able to pass the line, without being detected by the vigilant sentries.

Finally we came to the conclusion, that one after another of us should complain to the sentry on the rear guard, of being very sick, and that necessity compels him to keep on, instead of halting and waiting for his regular turn to come, if once outside, to forget to come back, and start for a certain fixed meeting place, about one mile from camp.

As luck would have it, the sentry on post was not quite so military in the performance of his duties, as the majority of the others had been.

'Well,' said I, 'everything is ready for business at once, but I do not know who is first or second, on the list, so let us decide it by drawing straws, who ever draws the long straw, starts first, and the shortest the last,' and as usual, I was the lucky individual, pulling the short straw. So off went Long, who succeeded without any obstacle; ten minutes later, the second went, and passed the sentry, then the third, who was delayed and questioned awhile by the guard, in fifteen minutes later I began to move. "Halt there! What are you about," the sentry sung out; 'excuse me sentry,' I replied, and kept on going at marktime, and increasing it to the double-step, and making my complaint known.

'But,' I continued, 'if you should have no objections to having nuisance committed on your post, which I would rather prefer, than go any further, I, for my part, am not very anxious to get outside the line, and I am also afraid that I am unable to reach the abutment.'

"Well," he said, "it is not that I am hard on you, but some of the prisoners I let go without stopping, and they have not returned yet, but you go ahead, and return as soon as possible."

I thanked him kindly, and trotted off, filing through a ravine close by, increasing the trot to a run, until I had made about the distance of a mile from camp, where our little party was to meet at the place appointed, and our enjoyment was very great at having made such a success of it.

CHAPTER XXVI.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

At about 10 o'clock A. M. we arrived without any hindrance in the City of San Antonio, and were soon purchasing the required articles for our needs, and after we were through with our jobbing business, we came to the conclusion to have a jolly time, among our old remaining friends in the city, as long as the bulk of our money would last. Which "bulk" consisted of a small amount of gold and silver coin; some of us fugitives had not more than fifteen or twenty dollars in our possession.

But through quiet information, we were directed to an old friend of ours, of course a saloon keeper, on Market Street, by the name of Bersh, who was very glad to see us and further that this man exchanged "greybacks" on the sly for gold or silver and for each dollar in coin, he gave five in exchange of Confederate money; a very good speculation indeed, if not caught, but very dangerous in San Antonio, at that time, for such speculators, especially with prisoners of war, on "French leave."

After receiving this intelligence, we went to old Bersh, enjoying ourselves with a few glasses of lager

beer, and were one by one summoned down into the cellar to change our money. Eventually the bargain was concluded to the satisfaction of all concerned. Instead of having ten or fifteen dollars in our pockets, we had five times the amount, after the conclusion of the bargain.

The way things were regulated at that time was as follows: if a man bought one dollars worth of stores, and had no "greybacks" to pay for them, no reduction in the price of the article was made, and also strictly forbidden, by the city authorities.

And should any merchant, or other business man, be ensnared into selling their goods at lower prices, for the payments in specie, instead of in "greybacks," their place of business would certainly be closed, the man arrested, and would probably result in the confiscation of his goods.

Several persons had already endured this severe penalty.

Now in regard to us, we imagined we were rich, and therefore spent our money freely, and having had a nice time of it for three days, provided ourselves on the fourth day with the necessaries for the return march to prison camp.

At 11 o'clock on the fourth day of our absence, we started on the return trip to camp, well provided with all kinds of provisions and stimulants in "case of

sickness," consisting of two gallons of whiskey put up in bottles. After we were about half way between the city and camp, we observed a nice shady grove of live-oak trees, about a hundred yards off the road on our left, and on seeing this the whole party complained of being tired; this very spot, some of us remarked, would make a nice resting place, for awhile

We all agreed to the suggestion, and went into the centre of the grove, where we found a spring of clear water, which was very welcome to us, as we were very thirsty.

After refreshing ourselves with a drink of water out of this spring, we seated ourselves in a circle, on the grass sward, partaking of some luncheon, and a few drinks out of the "black bottle," to keep our courage up.

Just as we had refreshed ourselves, and every thing neatly packed up, I then noticed at about three hundred yards distant, five Confederate cavalrymen, mounted, coming towards us from the camp.

'Aha,' I said, pointing towards this mounted party in grey uniform, 'we are not quite forgotten yet, there comes an escort for us.'

At this exclamation of mine, they all became a little scared, and said, "let us run into the thickest of this grove, and conceal ourselves."

'Hold on boys,' I said, 'it is too late we are already

trapped, therefore it is no use to do anything else than keep quiet and take it easy, and await the object of their errand.

A few minutes later this brave party of rebels consisting of a sergeant and four privates, halted right in front of us, the sergeant a few yards in advance of the rest, and neither party spoke a word for some time, for surprise at each other.

At last I stood up and inquired of the Sergeant: 'Where are you going with your men?' Better stop and have a lunch with us, and here is some excellent San Antonio whiskey, divide this among your men,' at the same time handing him the bottle.

"No," he said, "I thank you for your kindness, but I do not indulge; but if you are so free-hearted you may pass the bottle among my men."

Of course, I complied with his wishes, and before you could say "Jack Robinson," the bottle was emptied of its contents.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BROUGHT BACK TO CAMP.

"Well, my men," the Sergeant continued, "I am very sorry to meet you here, I and my party expected to find you in great enjoyment in the city, but as it is now, we have to bring you back to camp, and our schemes of having a merry time in San Antonio has turned out to be a total failure."

'Nonsense,' said I, 'we do not want to hinder you from your expected pleasures, we are very well satisfied to remain here in this nice grove, or else, if you should fear to lose sight of us, we are perfectly willing to accompany you to San Antonio.

"All you have said is very good," the Sergeant replied, "but you must remember, orders have to be obeyed in the Confederate, as well as in the Union Army, and the orders I received from the Commanding Officer are to this effect:

To make search for you four men, and if found, no matter where, to return to camp headquarters with you prisoners, without any delay whatsoever."

'If those are your orders,' we all said, 'we do not wish to delay you in the least, and we are ready this moment to fall in and march off with you.'

Then we trotted off to prison camp, with our escorts in front and rear of us.

A few hundred yards from camp the Sergeant told us to halt, and demanded our names, etc., of each of us, carefully putting them down in his note-book.

After he had finished, we started again, and marched in military array to the headquarters' tent. But the Commanding Officer and Adjutant were absent, which made the Sergeant hesitate for a long while. At last he said: "I am hanged if I know what do with you men; I did not receive any instructions to confine you, and certainly I have carried out my orders so far, in bringing you here, and here you are, and the Commanding Officer may not return before dark, and therefore I have to hold you prisoners until his arrival."

'Nonsense,' said I, 'if I were there in your place, or in your fix, as you term it, I would not trouble myself at all; why don't you write a few lines on a sheet of paper, making a short statement of the case, with a list of our names thereon, directed to the Post Adjutant, and lay it on the most conspicuous part of his desk, and then dismiss us altogether. You know well enough we are in camp now, and well surrounded by sentries, so there is no danger of our running off again, and if we should be required at headquarters they know where to find us.'

"Ah," he said, "that is a good suggestion of yours,

it is all right now, you men can 'go home,' and join your prisoner comrades, and further, I'll not forget to speak a good word for you all."

In a moment after, we were again among our comrades, and answering their many questions in regard to our absence from camp. We related all the adventures we went through, both in going from, and coming back to camp, how we enjoyed ourselves, and passed the time away in San Antonio, the feelings and sentiments of the people in regard to this war, etc.

Next morning, immediately after *Reveille*, the Sergeant of the Guard, holding a scrap of paper in his hand, and accompanied by members of the guard, entered our camp with instructions to confine four men who were brought back the evening previous by the patrol.

They questioned the Acting Orderly Sergeants of prisoners, if there was such or such a man in their Company, and read off carefully the names of certain prisoners, noted on the piece of paper.

Croslidge, Neston and Switzell were called for, but the fourth name got the best of him, whereof he could make neither "head nor tail," spelling and re-spelling this name, consequently he marched off in disappointment with his three prisoners, towards the guard tent.

To be sure of *my* safety, I kept in close quarters, and did not make my appearance until forced to by

necessity, some two hours later. I thought that if I was not found out by that time, I would be safe, and so it was.

I then began to walk around and through the camp, freely and unconcerned. At last I spied my three chums digging with pickaxes and spades, like good fellows, under charge of a Sentry.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE THREE WELL DIGGERS.

'Hello there,' I sang out, 'are you fellows digging for gold or silver — why don't you men take a rest — recollect to-morrow is another day; this world was not finished in one day,' I exclaimed laughing.

"You stop that talking to prisoners, and take yourself away from here as quick as possible, you blarsted Yankee," the sentry cried.

'Oh!' I responded, 'I was not aware that those men were prisoners under your charge, in fact when I spoke to them, I only did it for devilment, but not meaning any harm, either to you or them, and therefore beg your pardon; I know I may be a little too inquisitive in asking you what crime they have committed, for deserving imprisonment under guard?'

He said, "all I can tell you is this, that four men went off without permission, breaking through the line of sentries, and proceeded as far as San Antonio, where they remained nearly four days, and that the whole four were caught, on their return, and allowed to go to camp, by the patrol. This morning orders were given to the Sergeant of the Guard, to proceed to the prison camp, accompanied by a file of the guard,

and have the four men brought before the Commanding Officer for examination. But as the fourth very likely gave a fictitious name, and consequently, could nowhere be found, the other three were taken to headquarters and upon the investigation of the matter, were questioned especially in regard to the missing man. These stubborn simpletons," pointing towards his prisoners, "would give no satisfaction in regard to the matter, and went so far, as to reply in a disrespectful tone—'if the Commanding Officer wanted any information in regard to their comrade, he would have to go somewhere else, and that under no consideration would they turn informers,'—"Now do you see," the sentry continued, "how those insubordinate fools are punished for their stubbornness; working like mutes, digging a well, standing in mud and slush, up to their knees, if they had owned up like men, and told the Commanding Officer, who and where that man was, and begged his pardon, they certainly would have been released on the spot."

And further he continued, "I have this from good authority, that the Commanding Officer told them, for being so infernally headstrong, he would set them at digging a well, and keep them at it, until finished, if it should take a whole week, and your comrade I'll not have arrested, he need not be afraid in the least."

"I know you were wondering awhile ago, at the

reason these men worked so constantly, but the reason is this: as soon as they have the well dug, they will be released from confinement, and if they keep on this way, by to-morrow noon they will have the whole business finished, and can then return again to their comrades in prison camp, therefore, I let them have their own way, but my instructions in regard to them are, to allow no person to hold any conversation with them, which I am bound to carry out to the letter."

After the above information from the sentry, I walked off, very much concerned about the matter, and blaming myself greatly, for being the cause of my comrades' punishment.

Very likely if I had surrendered myself along with them, the whole party might have been set free, but it was useless, "crying over spilt milk."

The following morning at about 11 o'clock the three well-diggers, upon having their job completed, returned merrily into camp, and all the boys greeted them, with a "welcome, home," and many a joke we enjoyed thereafter in reference to our late adventure, and consequences following from it. I merely relate this anecdote to show that these "Rebs," with all their vigilance, were often fooled by one or more of us, who occasionally gave them an unexpected slip, and up to that time, nine prisoners had slipped off, via Mexico, to the United States, never to return.

Two of these prisoners, upon their arrival north, were fortunate enough to be commissioned 2d Lieutenants, in the U. S. Army; a Sergeant by the name of Aldrich was one, and a Sergeant-major, Wilson, was the other.

CHAPTER XXIX.

READY FOR ANOTHER MOVE TO SAN PEDRO SPRINGS.

In a week afterwards, we were ordered to pack up again, to be ready at a few moments notice for another march, but only a short one, i. e. about four miles nearer the city of San Antonio.

This was in the forepart of August, (the exact date has slipped my memory) anyway after the receipt of the order, on the following day we were marched off to San Pedro Springs, as our new camping ground, and were halted on the worst spot that could have been selected for this purpose, right in the thickest part of the brushwood, with a few large elm and walnut trees standing proudly aloft overlooking our camp.

Of course we were left in the usual situation, without any shelter whatever; so, with the Commanding Officer's permission, we all went heartily to work, grubbing and cleaning off the spot to make it more suitable for a camp, and after the conclusion of this job, we began to dig holes and cut wood, carrying it on our backs to the camp; two, three or four men as a party clubbed together to build themselves all sorts of houses, for shelter, and making them as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

I do not find it amiss, in here relating an incident that occurred between four of us prisoners, with our Commanding Officer, a Major Taylor, who commanded a Batallion consisting of four troops of Rebel Cavalry, that were encamped on the south side of the San Pedro Springs, and from two to three hundred yards from our camp, which was strongly guarded—having twelve sentries posted around it.

On the third day after our arrival at this place, early in the morning, I espied a very tall elm tree, the butt measuring nearly nine feet in circumference.

I said to Arnold, who was my lodger, 'do you see that tree? I am going to work right away to cut it down, and split it into rails, which will make an excellent roof on our four foot hole, or dugout.' Of course he approved, and acknowledged it to be a good idea, promising to help me in the work all he could.

To make the story short, I proceeded to work at once, swinging my axe like a good fellow, chips flying in all directions, and an hour later this monster of a tree fell, striking the ground with such force that the crash was heard and the shock felt a distance of several hundred yards; but while I was employed measuring the lengths required for my rails, I was stopped by the Officer of the Guard.

CHAPTER XXX.

MAJOR TAYLOR, OUR CRAZY COMMANDER.

The Officer of the Guard, standing on the opposite side of the springs, challenged me and three others, who were chopping small sticks a short distance off in the thicket, and ordered us "to leave our axes where they were, and come along with him, to Major Taylor."

I was wondering what the deuce was up.

Just as we had started off and were half way from the Officer of the Guard, I heard the old Major shout like a lion and give instructions to this officer, "that he wanted him to order those men to bring their axes along with them."

"Men," said the Officer of the Guard, "you have to return and bring your axes with you."

'Sir,' said I, 'the ax I used does not belong to me, I am not the owner of an ax.'

"No matter," he replied, "you do as I tell you, and get the ax you were chopping with, and be quick about it too, I am not standing here to wait for and argue the point with you."

I saw there was no getting out of this business, and the four of us marched off quickly, following the Officer of the Guard, and landing in front of the "Big

Chief's" tent. Immediately after our captor reported us to the Major, and awaited further developements.

We were confused and thunderstruck to see the Major snatching an ax from one of us, and without uttering a word, walking up to the largest trunk of a dryed-up oak-tree, which had perhaps been lying on the ground for the last ten years, and as hard as whale-bone, the main trunk measuring about thirty feet and about two and a half in diameter.

He began swinging the ax, cutting notches in the butt, as marks, three feet apart, which he was very accurate in measuring, and after the completion of this task, he counted the notches, which numbered twelve in all.

Then he said, "I want you men here to commence cutting this tree butt into twelve pieces, you can see the notches plainly, and I also want it cut at the exact mark, and keep at work until you have cut it through twelve times, you will afterwards receive further instructions from me," turning around at the same time, and walking towards his tent, I was determined to find out why we should suffer this punishment.

So I flung my ax away, and ran after the Major to catch up to him, before he should enter his tent, and calling out, Sir! about a dozen times before he took any notice of me, but in coming close to him, he turned

himself around very suddenly, and cried out, "What in thunder are you up to?"

I replied, 'Sir, I beg the Commanding Officer's pardon, but I am very anxious to know, what crime any of us have committed, for having such a severe punishment put upon us.'

'Neither do any of us prisoners recollect of any crime or even the least offense committed by us, since we are here under your charge.'

"Shut up," he roared out, stamping the ground with his feet, "or I will call the Sergeant of the Guard, and have you tied up on some of those trees."

I replied, 'Sir, I beg your pardon again, but I will not shut up, and you cannot make me either, although I am a prisoner of war, and I think myself just as good, and proudly do I say, a better man than you, and the majority of the Rebels, in your whole, hungry, starved out 'Rebeldom,' and further, I asked you in all humility, as a servant would not ask his master, and this moment I feel ashamed of myself for having lowered myself so.'

'Now if you find pleasure in it,' I continued, 'tie me up for all I care, I can guess very near why you put this punishment on us, I should not be surprised to hear that you had a little nap, and was disturbed out of it, while I was felling a tree over yonder, which would certainly set you in bad humor, and you are now

determined to act like a tyrant, and punish some one, to satisfy your ill humor, why don't you let those three men go to their camp, they are innocent, who could not have disturbed you in the least, as they were only cutting small sticks of wood.'

He ordered me continually to stop talking, and to go to work at once, or else he would have me tied up on a tree, and afterwards placed in irons.

After threatening me with his brutality, I then walked off, joining my comrades, and we held a consultation together on the matter.

Finally we agreed that we would start to go to work at our job at once.

As we were four experienced wood-cutters, and kept at work without cessation, three hours later we had the "contract" fulfilled; but now another question arose, how to make it known to the Major, who might lay out another job for us.

Shortly after I saw his son, a pleasant looking young "shaver," between seventeen and eighteen years of age.

I motioned to him to come near us; after he noticed the signal, he came towards us without hesitation, asking our wishes.

I related the circumstances connected with our predicament, and asked him to be kind enough to favor us by notifying his father, that by three hours hard

labor we had finished the job he had laid out for us, and if possible, to intercede for us in this matter, and a request from his own son he would not likely refuse.

"Ah, my men," he replied, "you can say and think what you like, but I know my father too well; I am afraid to go near him many a time myself, especially if he is in bad humor, but still I will do all I can for you."

"So here it goes," he continued, "and I will see if I am able to persuade the 'old crazy fool,'" and away he went at a full run into his father's tent.

In a few minutes later the Major made his appearance, coming towards us, with his son about five yards in rear of him, making faces at the old warrior.

As he came near us, he suddenly stopped and scrutinized us for awhile, and commanded his son to inform us that we were no longer required, and could return to our camp.

"I see," the youngster said, "you men have heard the order that you are no longer required, so then if you like to return to your camp you can do so.

'Certainly,' and we thanked him for the favor he had done us.

'Oh, by the way,' I said, 'I would like to ask another favor of you, will you ask your father to grant me permission to split the tree that I chopped this morning, into rails, for the purpose of erecting a kind

of shanty out of them?' He signified that he would do so, and in a few minutes he sung out to us "that it was all right."

After this we started for home, and were soon telling our inquisitive comrades the little adventure we had experienced, and of the punishment inflicted upon us, by our bestial Commanding Officer, Major Taylor.

I think myself justified in calling this "Southern Chevalier," who was one of the "Knights of the Golden Circle," a brutal beast and tyrant.

In reference to the daily treatment, it went from bad to worse; from one ration-day to another, our usual allowance of provisions was diminished in quantity, and likewise in quality, our sustenance being fresh beef and coarse cornmeal.

Oh how many times we were longing for a cup of coffee or a small slice of wheatbread!

I cannot imagine to this day how we escaped disease. But in this case Providence must have been on our side.

Still, we would have been in a much more fearful situation if Major Taylor's subalterns had carried out their instructions, in regard to us prisoners. But I am glad and bound to confess that the Officers of the Day, and Officers of the Guard, very seldom complied with the orders, and furthermore, I do acknowledge that the majority of the officers in Taylor's Battallion

were gentlemen, not only in words, but in deeds.

I name herein two officers, who could not be excelled in humanity towards their inferiors.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, A GENTLEMAN.

Captain Stockton, and Lieutenant Kampman of the same company, were the gentlemen I referred to, that were officers in the Rebel army.

But I believe to this day, that neither of them were Rebels, and further I believe that there was not one man in Stockton's company who was at all favorably inclined towards the Rebellion, which could be plainly seen by their actions, and further proved by their expressions, from day to day; the men of Stockton's Company became daily more and more intimate with us prisoners —especially with the Band.

Every time some of them were at leisure, they made it a practice in visiting Prison Camp, to pass the time away conversing with us, in perfect sociability, on various topics, and through this conversation we became enabled to read their sentiments in regard to the rebellion.

We also discovered the reason why they had organized themselves into Stockton's Company. Stockton and his men were nearly all owners of various sized farms in the vicinity of Fredericksburg and Fort Mason, Texas.

There was a time about five months previous to this, that officers with armed bodies of troops, scoured through the country, to conscript all male persons from eighteen to forty-five years of age.

After these men got wind of it, they informed each other throughout the settlement, and finally held a meeting, determined to escape the enrollment.

Therefore they concluded that it would be the wisest policy to organize a company, and select their own Officers, and Non-Commissioned Officers; no matter then what hardships they should suffer, they would always be together.

Otherwise, by waiting any longer, they would be taken by force, and impressed into the Rebel army, and probably scattered by one or two's all over the Rebel States. And in all probability, the South would be beaten in a very short time, and peace restored again, after which they would be able to go home and attend to their farms, and live happy with their families once more.

But they were sorely disappointed, the very same as we were, in the expectation of peace soon being restored, and going home to live happy with their friends, relatives and families.

In this case no one could be jealous of each others luck, and therefore joined hands in our affliction.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AN EVENING SERENADE.

As we were now prisoners for sixteen months past, in this hellish State of Texas, and in the hands of Rebels, and all hopes of being freed during the war given up as vain, several prisoners made preparations to run the risk of deserting out of Rebeldom, and thus freeing themselves, by crossing the Rio Grande, into Mexico.

About a dozen of these men had succeeded, who started off by two's and three's, and upon their arrival at Tampico, Mexico, reported to the American Consul, who kept, clothed and fed them, until a U. S. ship was ready to convey them to New Orleans, La., which ship generally made the round-trip about once in two weeks.

As provisions for the long march, from the San Pedro Springs, to the nearest settlement in Mexico, across mountain trails, fresh beef was cut up in thin slices, and dried in the sun, which after undergoing this process was then called "jerked beef," and also by smart management, tea and "hard bread" was smuggled into camp, for them. And by the ingenuity of inventing some plan or another, we managed to help

them to get outside the chain of sentinels; generally by having the Band play the most exciting pieces after dusk, which always brought the sentinels together to listen to the music, and which so charmed them, they forgot their duties as sentinels.

For instance, at such a time of a dark night it was easy to give them the slip, and if once outside the line, the greatest danger was overcome.

When we had succeeded in this scheme several times, Major Taylor then furnished the Officer of the Day, with a copy of a long, sharp order, to have it read to us prisoners one evening at retreat, and the substance thereof was as follows: "that from then on the Band was forbidden to play after retreat-roll-calls, and if found violating the order, a severe punishment would be inflicted upon the violaters, by being put in irons, and placed under charge of the guard."

"And furthermore, if any prisoner shall desert and be captured, that such criminals would run the risk of being shot down, without any mercy whatsoever."

Of course, the Band never violated this order, so we had to invent another "strategical plan" for the future, to enable us to assist our comrades outside of the camp. There had been several huts vacated in our camp by "runaway prisoners," and so all the rubbish, dry hay and brushwood was shoved into them.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CAMP HUTS ON FIRE.

The following night after the publication of the above order, of a crazy man, two men had everything in readiness to "skin out," which was well known among us,

One man was then selected to set one of these unoccupied huts on fire, who went at his job at once, and in four or five minutes later, the cry was heard from a dozen mouths, Fire! Fire! Fire!

Rebels and prisoners were mixed together in their efforts to extinguish the flames, and the sentries instead of walking their beats, assembled in groups of two or three, viewing the fire with great curiosity, and neglecting their duty so far as to allow prisoners to slip by them unnoticed, passing outside of the line, and getting away.

Next morning, Major Taylor, after all his schemes of frightening us, found himself minus two more prisoners, which nearly set him wild.

The night following two more (recaptured prisoners) who were under charge of the guard, with ball and chain, "lighted out" also, while they were accompanied by a supernumerary of the guard, after

dusk, and conducted to the rear, but freed themselves of their fetters, leaving the sentry in deep meditation—before he could recover from his astonishment they had left.

As usual, a party of about eight enlisted men, with an officer in charge, who were all thoroughly acquainted with the country from San Antonio to the Rio Grande, well mounted and equipped, were detailed the following morning, as a scouting party, for the purpose of recapturing the fugitives.

In seven days from thence, one evening after retreat, this scouting party arrived with the same two prisoners who had made their escape from the sentry a week previous, and were re-taken four miles from the Rio Grande, on the Texas side, and brought before the Major for examination.

After hesitating awhile, the Major broke out in a fury, and expressed himself in the lowest and meanest language ever heard, threatening those two captives with punishments of various descriptions, telling them what he would, or could do to them.

"Aha," he said, in his grinning way, "you are caught once more, and you are mean deserters and lawbreakers; a worse set of scoundrels could not be found on the face of the earth."

"You two men," he continued, "are aware that I have the power in my hand, and I am justified in

executing my duty as Commanding Officer by having you two men shot on the spot, but I will be more lenient and keep you secure under irons, in charge of the guard until paroled, or exchanged, if it lasts even to the end of the war."

Finally one of the two prisoners, by the name of Darker, a Sergeant of Company E, 8th U. S. Infantry, boldly replied:

"Major, you are a tyrant, which is well known among us prisoners, and likewise by your own men, and you have no authority to shoot prisoners after they have been re-captured; every prisoner has a right to free himself, especially a prisoner of war. I am an older soldier than you are, and I also know that you are only considered a 'small potato' in Richmond."

"Here we are before you," opening his shirt, and exhibiting his naked breast, "if you are so fond of shooting, fire away — but I defy you, you dare not do it. We two men are no cowards, and not afraid of death, and would rather die this very minute than be prisoners under such a brutal, tyrannical poltroon as you are."

"Officer of the Guard! Sergeant of the Guard!" the Major sung out, "hurry up, and bring a file of the guard with you, and conduct these two Yankee scamps to the guard-house, and I want them shackled and handcuffed at once, and placed in close confinement

until you get further instructions direct from me."

The instructions were given the following morning, to have an iron ball and chain fastened on each of their left legs, the balls weighing thirty pounds each. And so they were kept burdened with these ornamental fixtures, until the end of our imprisonment.

From day to day, we felt our imprisonment more confining and harder to bear.

Oh, what a longing for freedom! Would that day ever come, and would we ever be fortunate enough to enjoy the blessing of being able to join our comrade soldiers in arms on the field of battle, before the close of the war?

These were the daily meditations among us prisoners.

Under the circumstances in which we were placed, prisoners in the heart of Rebeldom, no United States troops near, no officers with us, — and seventeen months having already elapsed since the day we had been taken by the Rebels, and not knowing the day, month or year of the termination of our imprisonment, was what made it so hard for us to bear.

In particular, there were sixty men of us, I one among them, whose terms of five year's service had expired from one to ten months back.

Finally we considered the matter, and decided to forward a petition to the Department Commander, a Colonel Bea. Next day a well composed letter was

written, with a full statement therein, in regard to the expiration of our enlistments, requesting in the politest manner to be paroled. But the following day our hopes were blasted by the return of the above petition, with a long endorsement attached thereto, stating that our request could under no consideration be granted at these headquarters, etc. Then all our expectations and undertakings vanished into "cloudy despair."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ON THE MOVE AGAIN.

In two weeks from thence, which was in the fore-part of December, 1862, we were disturbed once more — being ordered to pack up immediately, and be ready for a short march of about thirty-five miles up the country.

Certainly, we had but little trouble to pack up, we had "nothing" to pack, the clothing that had been issued to us a year back was now on us in tatters.

But this was always the case with us, as soon as we had our camp and huts in a suitable condition, the comforts of enjoying them was denied us.

The same day we left camp, and were marched in column of two's, one Company of Taylor's Battalion took the lead, acting as advance guard, and another the rear, acting as rear guard, for the purpose of keeping the prisoners from scattering along the road, in which the Battalion Commander, Major Taylor, was very cautious not to neglect his duty, in placing some of his gallant troopers as right and left flank-guard, on each side of the column.

We were kept continually in this vexatious way and had to keep the distance as laid down in Gen. Hardy's

Tactics, which was an impossibility for us poor, hungry and weak prisoners, especially marching in the heat of the day on those rough Texas roads, and the Command was only rested twice, five minutes each time.

I have seen many of the prisoners shamefully abused with the vilest language, not expressible in print, and likewise beaten by Major Taylor's defenders of the Southern Confederacy, on account of some men getting so tired and footsore as not to be able to keep in ranks, some falling back, and others stepping aside to get a short rest.

I recollect that we passed a nice spring, about twenty-five yards off the road, where many of us stronger men tried to fill our own, and comrades canteens with cold spring water, but were soon attacked and driven back into the ranks again, without getting one drop of water. We asked them if they expected us to march in ranks without water and without anything to eat, and men with torn, and without shoes, and we think that such unreasonable treatment was beyond all humanity; it would not even be so cruel if they would shoot us down and kill us at once; but still they kept on abusing us, and finally those men who were unable to keep up with the column were put under guard, but still they had to march all the way, although there

was room enough in the wagons to transport those poor, sick prisoners to our destination.

Nevertheless, the following day at about sunset we were halted at a point about thirty-five miles on the Fredericksburg road, and after the selection of a suitable camping ground, which was one mile off the road, in the thickest part of the wood, to where we were then marched. As soon as we halted, we were told that we could commence to erect ourselves huts, if we should feel so inclined, and with the privilege of selecting the spot, and the shape of the huts, etc., and telling us that there would be no scarcity of building materials, and that this would be our permanent camp until our parole.

Next day there was a great stir in prison camp, one party hacking, another cutting, chopping, splitting, etc., each party was trying its utmost to get ahead of the others in selecting "house lots," and in taking the shortest of time in finishing their residences.

In three days from thence, Texas could boast of one more town, with a population of about three hundred and fifty persons, and from ninety to a hundred houses, which we named "Prisontown in the woods."

It is only lately I have learned, that at the present time, there is actually a nice country town, on the very same spot, by the name of Boerne, which had been built up immediately after the war.

The fourth day after our arrival, at the permanent camp, or the next day after the completion of our huts, we were ordered to vacate our dwellings again, and to make ourselves ready for the return march of the thirty-five miles, to the old camping place at the San Pedro Springs; the object of this movement was not explained to us.

Some of us would occasionally ask one of the officers: "Why do the Confederate Authorities take so much trouble and make such unnecessary expenses, in moving us prisoners backwards, hundreds of miles, up and down the country?"

Their usual reply would be, "that the motive of this moving was to wear us out, and make us sick of prisonlife, so that in a short time they would bring us to our knees, begging them to enlist us in their army, and that they would so tire us that we would be glad to join them very soon."

Of course, we took no particular notice of them and their talk, but yet it appeared suspicious enough — their mean actions, and the ill treatment we received daily from them.

However, it had been the contrary with us, instead of losing or having lost faith in the Union, we became more embittered daily towards the Rebs and Rebellion, and looked upon them with contempt.

CHAPTER XXXV.

RETURN MARCH TO THE SAN PEDRO SPRINGS.

Finally the column was set in motion, for the return march to the San Pedro Springs, and conducted in a similar manner to previous marches.

Then by two day's hard marching, we arrived at the old camping ground, but as we were in the expectation of finding our "residences" in the same or very near the same condition as we had left them, and everyone was anxious to take possession of their own again. But oh, what a disappointment; instead of finding them, we were again without any shelter.

It was really hard to look on and see all our former labor destroyed, every shanty, hut, or whatsoever they might be called, were total ruins and pillaged, the rubbish set on fire, with nothing remaining except heaps of ashes and filth. This was undoubtedly committed malignantly, the day before our arrival, and for the purpose of doing us all the injury in their power.

But for all that, we made preparations as heretofore, toward re-building our houses once more, and proceeded to work with new courage, commencing early in the morning of the following day, to shelter us from storm and rain and cold, on those December nights.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CHEERFUL NEWS.

I think it was about four days after our arrival at this camp, when some men of Stockton's Company brought us glad tidings — they informed us for certain that we would now be prisoners only for a short time, and that the clerks at the Battalion Headquarters were at work filling out the parole of each prisoner,

Furthermore, that Captain Stockton had received orders to escort us out of Texas, taking the road from San Antonio, Texas, to Shreveport, La., and from thence he was to send one Lieutenant, one Sergeant, one Corporal and ten privates, as a further escort to accompany us on the steamboat from Shreveport down the Red and Mississippi Rivers, as far as Baton Rouge, where we would be turned over at that place, to the Commandant of the United States troops at that point.

These men also confessed that Captain Stockton and every man in his company were very glad and much pleased in being detailed on this duty, and they were more glad still, to be seperated from the Battalion, especially from their tyrannical Commander, Major Taylor, and they mentioned also that they had to

be very cautious in showing their joy, or the old "sinner" might take it into his brainless head to have the detail changed.

During the time they were telling us this joyful news, not one of the listeners spoke, we were completely taken by joyful surprise. In a few minutes later the whole camp was in motion, all the prisoners had assembled around us, to hear the full particulars of the joyful news.

Some of the prisoners would hardly believe the fact — such a change from our present lowly position, and were likewise afraid that should we rejoice too much we might be disappointed, until we had the actual parole in our hands; and also saying to ourselves that we should look back to the time we were made prisoners, by General Twigg's Treaty, a hard experience that should teach us not to place any confidence in a Rebel. But it seems our luck did change for the better, and everything was progressing more rapidly than could have been expected.

The same evening we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness for a move.

Next morning, at about 8 o'clock, an officer came into our camp, directing the Acting Orderly Sergeants of Companies and Band to have the Companies and Band paraded in double rank, and that in a half an hour from then he would return again, call the rolls,

after this he would march us to the Battalion Headquarters, where each prisoner would receive his parole. I must say again, everything proceeded splendidly in our favor.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

RECEIVING OUR PAROLE.

At 9 o'clock A. M. each of us was in possession of an honorable parole, and in two hours later the command marched out of camp, under charge of Captain Stockton.

But this time, the men looked, and were more cheerful than they had been for a long time before, in spite of being poorly clothed, some without shoes, and nearly all minus some article of clothing, all were anxious to make long marches, so as to reach the long wished for object as early as possible.

By this time we had all turned out to be "finished arithmeticians," and calculated as follows.

The four hundred and fifty miles to Shreveport, were reduced to about twenty days march, and from Shreveport (by the river on steamboat) to Baton Rouge, from six to seven days, allowing for probable delays *en route*, or in all one month. As we had started on this march January 2d, 1863, we expected to arrive at Baton Rouge, the 1st or 2d day of February 1863.

I am very glad to confess here, that we were very lucky in having Captain Stockton as our Conductor

and Commanding Officer, and his men as our guardians, for anything those men could do for us, they did it with the greatest of pleasure.

The transportation was so limited that no rations for the men, or forage for the animals could be taken. Nothing else than cooking and other necessary utensils were taken, therefore, a Lieutenant Camp, then acting Quartermaster, was directed to victual the command, and to procure forage for the animals along the road.

Consequently, our calculations about arriving early at our destination was "knocked in the head," because only short marches could be made.

Generally the camping ground had to be selected near farming settlements, so that we could obtain all our necessaries in the vicinity of our camp. The necessaries consisted of corn meal and fresh beef, and if the latter could not be had, fresh pork.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

EN ROUTE TOWARDS SHREVEPORT.

Through the intimacy between Stockton's men, and the prisoners, who always had enough work to perform after getting into camp, one party was detailed to care for the horses, another for foraging purposes, etc.

As we were privileged to go wherever we pleased, we thought it more profitable for all concerned, to assist them in the line of grubbing, etc., but to do this, we had to get arms and ammunition. But as it happened, about a dozen of us were always able to borrow revolvers and cartridges of them, for this very purpose.

As there was an abundance of stock roaming through this part of the country, with very little difficulty, we were enabled to kill cattle according to our wants.

It had been a fixed rule with us, not to kill more than the actual requirements for the day, and never did we allow anything to be wantonly destroyed.

For the loan of the revolvers, we returned the compliment to our friends by dividing the spoils with them.

In thinking of the past, and the time we marched out of Texas as paroled prisoners of war, it brings to memory some very amusing incidents which occurred to my comrades and myself, while homeward bound,

marching through Texas and a part of Louisiana, to Shreveport, and from thence down the river to Baton Rouge.

Captain Stockton had always been an early riser, and the command was always on the move before, or at sunrise, and he never marched us more than from ten to fifteen miles per day, which usually gave us an early camp.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

VICTUALIZING ON A SMALL SCALE.

I recollect one day coming into camp at about 11 o'clock A. M., which camp was about eight miles north-east from the city of Austin; as we arrived in camp the first thing I did was to obtain the loan of two revolvers and some cartridges, one revolver I kept for my own use, and the other for the use of a member of the Band, by the name of Neher.

We had been informed that about three quarters of a mile on the opposite side of the river, (the name of the river I have forgotten) there were cattle of all descriptions grazing in the valley below our camp.

Without any further delay we marched off, wading across the river, and a ten minutes walk, brought us plump upon a numerous drove of pigs.

After looking at them awhile, each of us selected his "porker"—in the aiming and firing we were very accurate—Neher counting, one, two, three, and at three, two of the finest little pigs, weighing from seventy-five to one hundred pounds each, were found stretched on the ground.

As we were expert huntsmen, and well furnished with the necessary tools, the operation of dressing and

skinning, was performed in a very short time.

After the completion of this work we then united our strength, carrying one pig first half way towards camp, and leaving him hidden in the thickest of the wood, and in a similar way we intended to store the other fellow, until helpers from camp should arrive.

As we were in the act of lugging the second "corpse" off the place, we were astonished by a tremendous "Halt, not another step further, or you are two dead men," not more than ten yards in our rear.

Yes, halt, I think the devil himself would have halted, at hearing this terrible outcry behind him.

We stood stockstill, a little frightened at first, until we observed two men, having an ugly bull-dog with them. One was a white man, and a tough looking customer to boot, carrying a double-barreled shot-gun, the other a negro; the former then addressed us thus: "I have caught you in time, I know you are prisoners under charge of Captain Stockton, and if he allows prisoners to run at large, and supplies them with arms and ammunition, for killing and destroying the finest stock on the road from San Antonio up to this place, he had better look out for himself or else the whole settlement will be on top of him."

"Already, notification was sent ahead, to be on the watch, guarding our cattle from Stockton's 'Yankee raiders.' "

"And I am going right over to your camp, and take you two men with me, in which I will see your Commander, to investigate into this matter, and try to have you punished."

At the same time turning himself towards the negro slave saying:

"Sam, I want you to remain here with 'Dick,' pointing to the bull-dog, and handing him the shot-gun. Very likely there are some more of them Yankee rascals of plunderers sneaking around not very far off, and waiting for a chance to gobble this hog also, but if any of them should attempt any of their 'Yankee tricks," just halt them on the spot, until my return from the soldiers camp."

"And the two barrels of your shot-gun are well loaded with buckshot, and with the assistance of 'Dick,' you ought to be able to stop a half dozen of Yankees."

"Yah, yah," said Sam, "Massa, it is all right, me and Dick stops all Yankees until you come back again, and I not let dem steal de hog dar."

Our captor then asked us what we had to say for ourselves.

I replied, 'nothing at all, that you are doing all the talking yourself, and painting the devil blacker than he really is.'

'That we were no plunderers, but poor, helpless prisoners, and were marched away from the San Pedro

Springs — for this long march of 450 miles without any provisions whatsoever.'

'And according to the general orders, directing the Quartermaster to procure the necessary rations among the settlers along the route, who generally profess to be 'true Southerners.' But procuring the necessary rations, etc., for over four hundred men, is a very difficult matter in this region of 'Southern Patriots.' '

'Sometimes the Quartermaster may be lucky enough to buy one or two hundred pounds of coarse cornmeal, but when divided among so many men, there will only be a small quantity for each man's share, of which we may be without for two or three days altogether.'

'Fresh beef, of course, could always be gotten, if it could not be purchased of settlers, there are plenty beef cattle grazing along the road, and which the Quartermaster was fully authorized to seize, for the use and benefit of his command. In reference to us, the same as to-day, when we had not a morsel to eat since four o'clock this morning, and I should judge it is about two o'clock now. And while seeing hundreds of pigs in this valley, upon arriving in camp, with no house in the vicinity to be seen, and hungry as wolves, we thought ourselves justified and no harm done in helping ourselves to one little pig out of this numerous lot, and whoever is the lucky owner of all the stock running around here, would certainly not miss one pig.'

'Especially a 'true Southerner,' should show his patriotism anyway towards his country, and render all aid possible, in the support of its soldiers.'

"Yes," he said, "a 'true Southerner,' I am a 'true Southerner,' and would not have 'cared a fig,' if it had been our own men's doings, but as it is, in seeing 'Yankee prisoners,' right in the heart of the Confederacy, killing our cattle, and committing all sorts of other depredations, this is certainly too much."

'Oh,' I replied, 'I think we were made prisoners of war, and retained by the secesh, for the interest of the Confederacy, and therefore it is the duty of the Confederates to take proper care of all they have taken.'

'No man can call himself a true patriot if he only helps to work on one part of a thing and neglects the other part.'

'The man whom I call a good, sound patriot, is the one who renders his assistance to the whole cause, and not only to a part of it.'

He became very restless, stamping the ground with his feet, raised his clenched fist, and said :

"I don't want to hear another word from you, young fellow, and come along with me, the two of you, to present you to your Commanding Officer."

'Oh,' said I, 'we know how to get to camp, we will take a short cut right across, and we'll be there ahead of you, so you need not trouble yourself on that

account, and as to going with you, we never will do it ; if the Commanding Officer should want to see us very bad he can do so whenever he pleases, and surely in the hopeful situation we are placed in at present, there is no danger of our running away.'

So he went one way to the camp, and we the other, but as we came inside the wood, we hid ourselves in the thickets and considered what might be best for us to do in this situation.

After having killed, skinned and dressed two pigs, and then coming into camp without them, after our long hunt, this would surely look cowardly. At last we came to the conclusion that as soon as our captor and accuser was out of sight, and far enough away, to take the pig away from the "nigger." So we boldly walked up to Mr. Darkey, and I addressed him as follows :

'What are you and your bull-dog watching for, Sam ?'

"Wall," he said, "massa told me to watch this yere pig, laying dar."

'Why,' I said, 'you and your massa must be fools, to watch a dead animal, surely this pig won't, and can't run away.'

"Wall, he told me that what you call him, I disremember now, I think he calls him 'Yanks,' comes and

steal pig, and when I tells him stop, an he don't stop, I mus shoot him, an make him wait right dar, until he comes back from the sodger camp."

'Nonsense, my man, we have killed that pig with those little things here, and consequently is our own property.'

Exhibiting at the same time, two shining revolvers, which made "darkey" retreat a few steps, and saying, 'You and your master have no claim on this whatsoever, and if you have never seen a 'Yankee' before, you may take a good look at us, now, you see two 'Yankees' right in front of you.'

While I was speaking, I kept advancing closer and closer, on to "Sam," playing with the revolver all the time.

'Sam,' I laughingly said, 'you and your dog can remain here as long as you please, or else go home, for all we care, but we take our pig away from you, and further, I warn you not to follow us, or I might accidently pull the trigger, on which you might get hurt. I also give you good advice, so you need not fear of getting into trouble on our account.'

'When your master returns, tell him the whole story, and tell him the two men, who shot the pig returned and said that it was their own property they were taking, and that each of them had revolvers, and certainly would have shot you if you had resisted.'

'If this is not sufficient to pacify your master, you can very easily add some to it, which will be sufficient for your vindication.'

He thanked us kindly, making several bows towards us as we left, lugging our booty on our backs by turns.

In half an hour later, we had the two pigs securely hidden, about one hundred and fifty yards from camp.

As I was in the act of running into camp, for the purpose of getting two or three men to help me in carrying the "spoils" into camp, I was suddenly astonished at seeing a sentry walking post, about fifty yards off on the bluff, although as luck happened, I was well acquainted with this man, so I asked him what this "new wrinkle" meant, having sentries posted around camp.

"Oh, said he, "that won't last long, for Captain Stockton only ordered four sentries to be posted for an hour or so, on account of a farmer making complaints against you men, for having killed some of his stock."

I then told him confidentially, all about our little adventure, and that our booty was hidden only a short distance from there, and that I was very anxious to have the pigs brought into camp.

"Why don't you get a few men," said he, "to help you do these things? Certainly, I walk my beat like a good soldier, and direct my attention somewhere else, then if you are smart enough, there can be no trouble."

I took the sentry's advice, and in fifteen minutes afterwards, we were safely at home with our booty, resting ourselves from the labors of the day, but what became of our captor, Sam, the darkey, and the bull-dog, I do not know or care.

CHAPTER XL.

MY STRAGGLING, AND A LECTURE FROM A SOUTHERN LADY.

Our column is advancing slowly, and this is the twentieth day since we started from the San Pedro Springs, and up to this time, we were not more than two hundred and fifty miles from San Antonio.

As Captain Stockton was not very particular in marching us in "close columns," etc., and allowed us to get into camp the easiest way we could, a party of three or more of us generally kept together, and some would start an hour ahead of time, and were in camp a long time ahead of the main column, and others again, took the thing more easily, who came straggling into camp hours later. Consequently, the column, which including Stockton's company, numbering over four hundred men, sometimes extended itself a distance of seven or eight miles.

This twentieth day we marched through a nice settled country, with splendid houses scattered along the road.

For the first time on the whole march, I took an inclination to straggle all by myself, making a call at every house on the road, when I generally excused myself by asking for a drink of water, or to light my

pipe, etc., which I did more for curiosity's sake than anything else.

As I was trudging along in meditation, I came near forgetting to call at one of these houses, but, in the nick of time, while taking a side glance, I was arrested by seeing a magnificent dwelling house, about forty yards off the road, and its front door ajar. At the same time seeing three ladies neatly dressed, sitting around a table in the hall, being occupied in making Confederate uniforms.

In a few minutes later, I was inside the house, asking the eldest lady, kindly for a drink of water. After she had inspected me from head to foot, thoroughly, with her eagle eyes, she then handed me a tumbler full of good water.

After I had drank it, and handed the tumbler back again to the old lady with a bow, and many thanks, and was in the act of starting onward again, she bid me not to be in such haste, and she also would be very much pleased to have a little conversation with me.

At the same time she pointed to a chair, and told me to be seated, and to rest myself more comfortably. Of course I accepted her courtesy with gladness, and she then catechised me as follows.

"Who are you?"

ANSWER: 'A prisoner of war, on parole.'

QUESTION: "Who were those men who passed here?"

ANS. 'Those men who were walking, and without arms, are likewise paroled prisoners of war, and the other party, who are in grey uniform, well armed and mounted, are a company of Confederate soldiers, guarding us, and are called 'Stockton's company.' '

QUES. "But where were you men captured, and how long have you been prisoners?"

ANS. 'The majority of us were captured about seven miles from San Antonio, at the beginning of the war, which is now twenty-one months past.'

QUES. "Why didn't you men join the good cause — the Confederacy, I should think you had plenty of chances of doing so?"

ANS. 'Surely, madam, a true soldier will never do such a mean thing, to desert his country, especially in time of trouble, and as we swore true allegiance to the United States, to serve honestly and faithfully against their enemies or opposers for the term of our enlistment, or until a final discharge is received from the same Government; and in my opinion, a man who breaks his oath and promise is worthless and no good for himself or anybody else, and deserves to be shot. Yes, chances we had plenty, but as I have said we are all sound Union men, and are bound to stick to the Union forever.'

QUES. "Did none of your men 'turn over' to us? I have heard that a great many have joined us."

ANS. 'Yes, since our capture there were about twenty prisoners who joined the Confederacy, and the Confederacy will be very little benefited by those men, and they were the 'scums' and the worst characters out of the three hundred and thirty prisoners, and everyone of us were glad to get rid of those wretches.'

QUES. "What will you men do after getting home and free again? Will you fight the South or go to work, and spend the time during the war in peace?"

ANS. 'I can't fortell anything in this matter, but, according to the general sentiment among us, the majority certainly *will* take up arms, and fight against the South, which is determined to revenge itself by cruel treatment of us while in prison, as long as we remain in their hands.'

QUES. "Are *all* you men Yankees? Apparently, I think *you* are a foreigner and a German."

ANS. 'Oh no, they are very near all foreigners, with the exception of two or three who claim to be 'Yankees,' and about thirty or forty more who likewise claim to be Americans. And, madam, you were right in taking me for a German, I am a German, but as we are all called Yankees, out here in Texas, we allow, and overlook, such mistakes.'

After the above examination my questioner began:

"I have sounded you throughout, and learned by this your sentiments, and the composition of the Yankee

soldiers. My young man, you must bear in mind that I speak the truth, and if possible to make you more enlightened, in regard to the right and wrong of this unholy and cruel war, and as a Southern woman and sufferer in the cause of the South, which is the righteous cause."

"Surely, the South only wanted its rights, but the Yankees became jealous, in seeing us doing well, and wanted the property of the people in the South; years and years ago the North was conspiring against us, and depriving us of our former lawful privileges."

"They even went so far, as to organize in bands, coaxing and stealing negroes off the plantations, who were our private property, and committing all kinds of other unlawful depredations."

"And all the endeavors of the South, in applying to the law of the United States Government, to have those criminals hunted up, tried and punished, according to law, proved fruitless, no notice was taken of our wrongs by that government."

"And as the Southern men are gentlemen, and men of honor, and, seeing how they were 'slighted' by a compound mixture of all nationalities, it was really too much for us proud and true Southerners to stand any longer."

"And as the cruel Government of the North was treading on us heavier from time to time, therefore it

was proper of the South, and their solemn duty to the country and its people, to raise up in arms against their enemy and oppressor, and drive him off our soil and establish a good, independent government, which would certainly protect and take care of its people."

After a moment's hesitation, the Southern lady continued:

"My young man, by your intellectual appearance, I should judge that you must comprehend the fact that the South was inspired by the voice of God from heaven, which makes our cause holy and sacred, and with God on our side, at the latter end the South will come out victorious."

"The Southern man is not fighting to gain riches, he is fighting for his property, his house, his home, and his honor. This is what makes us strong, powerful and respected by all nations."

"And as the North, on the contrary, is fighting for money, carrying on a war without any discipline, and where every Northern man, from the highest officer to the lowest private, is a 'highway robber and a murderer.' "

"It is really a shame, and detestable how this Yankee government is conducting itself in this war."

"Cause, I would say cause, but they have no cause, their cause is wickedness, and in saying fight — they *can't* fight us fair."

"Our country is invaded and devastated by the Yankee raiders, who are committing depredations on Southern soil, stealing our negroes, robbing our people of everything, setting their houses and homes on fire, and finally whom they could or would not take prisoners, they murder in cold blood. After being successful in demolishing settlements or plantations, the Yankee papers are then usually filled with 'the latest telegraphic despatches of another victory for their side.' And an 'outrage' committed of this kind, the Yankees brag about it, and call it a victory."

Raising her arms at the same time to their full length above her head, the two hands clenched, the whites of her eyes turned heavenwards, and praying to God and all the angels to listen to the prayers of the southern people.

"Free us of our oppressors, invaders and mutilators. Oh God, you are just, help us, save the good and the innocent, and punish the bad and guilty."

She then ceased for a moment to collect herself, whereupon she turned her chair, opposite to where I sat, and seated herself so that it brought us facing each other.

"And you, my young man," she began to say, "I can't understand, you are no Yankee, and not even American born, and as you have said, that you are a German — what possessed you to fight us?"

"Fie, you ought to know better, that it is very wrong for any foreigner to help the Yankees to fight, let them fight their own battles. If you foreigners would only look into the two sides, and judge the thing more closely, I believe all the sensible ones could not help to feel for the South, and acknowledge that the South is right in tearing itself loose, and establishing an independent government of its own."

"And as you and your countrymen emigrated to this country, I presume, for the very purpose of bettering yourselves, and to become peaceably settled, and citizens of this country, I cannot see why you all stream North, while we have more and better land than the North has, and we gladly welcome foreigners, and help them along, and surely they would be more respected here than in the North, and enjoy a great deal more of freedom here than anywhere else on the continent."

"Further still, I can't see what you gain by helping the Yankees to rob us, and kill the best men on the face of the earth."

"And as the Yankees will be beaten in a very short time, and afterwards a permanent peace will be established, under the dictation of the Confederacy, and ruled by Southern men."

"What credit will it be then for you foreigners to have fought for the Yanks, and what thanks and rewards will you receive from your friends? In fact they will

blame and curse you; first they blame you for being such fools to fight without principles, and not knowing what you were fighting for, and secondly, they will curse you because if you foreigners had not fought for them, they never could have made war against the South."

"But it would have been a great credit to foreigners if they had helped the oppressed — the good cause, right in the beginning of this cruel war."

"Although it is time enough yet for a conversion. I mean the sooner you join us, the better for us all, and make an end to this bloody war, as soon as possible."

"Yes my young man, these are my two daughters, who with my help are hard at work, sewing on Confederate uniforms."

Casting her eyes towards two smart, intelligent looking, fair-haired young ladies, whom I judged to be about seventeen or eighteen years of age, and in this part of the country, just the prevailing, marriageable beauties, that young men were seeking to marry.

"My husband and two sons went away at the breaking out of the war, and enlisted in the Confederate army. The last information I received from my husband was the death of my eldest son, who fell a true patriot, in a charge against the Yankees, and in the same charge the younger brother was wounded in the right arm."

purposes, stealing and selling negroes, etc., that is another mistake.'

'I have no doubt but what there were parties of professional negro thieves, roaming through the South, who have stolen negroes, but as to there being regular organizations of Yankees, and encouraged by the government, this is not so. Those thieves were Southern, as well as Northern men, and have been convicted and punished by the U. S. Government as outlaws.'

'Of course a Southern outlaw has always had the advantage of a Northern outlaw, in being at home in the South, and consequently better posted and acquainted therein.'

'In which the authorities, with all their endeavors, were seldom skillful enough to seize any of them, and if an outrage of this kind was committed, it was nearly always laid to the Yankees.'

'But, madam, why did you not mention anything about horse thieves, who are so numerous in Texas, you may just as well blame the authorities of Texas, for they are in the fault for not suppressing these outrages. But with all their vigilance, horse-thieving is successfully carried on in Texas, up to this day, and so is negro stealing on the Southern borders.'

'And furthermore, you blame us, in our emigration into the Northern states, and for fighting on the Federal side.'

'In answer, I have to say, that we are not to be blamed at all for immigrating North.'

'I know that the South has a large amount of uncultivated land, and that the soil is rich and fertile, and can be brought under cultivation with ease. But hundreds and thousands of immigrants have tried the experiment of 'streaming South,' and Northern people as well as foreigners, but with little or no success at all.'

'For instance, a man with a family, and a few hundred dollars in his possession, comes in search of a 'patch of ground' to settle upon, thinking he will have a chance of bettering himself, by an industrious effort at improvement, in the cultivation of the raw soil, and by toiling with the help of his family; he hopes as his final reward, to live in peace thereafter on his self-made homestead, in the South. But oh, no, the foreigner was not wanted in the aristocratic slave States.'

'Where its inhabitants are only divided into two classes, namely, 'the mighty slave holder,' and 'the slave,' or the rich and the poor, a middle class could not exist; which class is the advance guard of civilization in all parts of the world.'

'In speaking of this particular fact, alluding to land and home seekers throughout the South, and in asking

some of those Southern land owners, the 'gormandizers' of thousands of acres of uncultivated land, to buy a small tract of land from them, you would generally meet with the following response: 'that under no circumstances, and for no price whatever, would they sell their land in 'small patches,' especially to a stranger.'

'That they have plenty of negroes to do all the work required on their land.'

'And in referring to men without families, seeking 'a job' among the planters, it is just as bad as buying land of them, with the exception of being sent off by: 'I don't require any help, I have negroes enough to do the work on my plantation.'

'Consequently, the 'poor white men,' without regard to their nationality, a man from the Northern States, as well as a man from across the Atlantic, is looked upon as 'a foreigner,' and is denominated and considered as 'low trash.'

'And further as to the Yankees encroaching on the South, for certain bad purposes, to gain advantages over the people, this is not so either, but exactly the contrary.'

'The South,' 'the chevaliers,' 'the slave holders,' the 'land speculators, and 'gormandizers' of the sunny South, were trespassing out of their holes and watching the chance to buy up all the land in such and such territories.'

'And at the end, if such a territory became a State, they laid their claim thereon as a slave-state, and insisted upon having it become so, saying 'that they were the rightful owners of the soil, and being the owners thereof, had a perfect right to do as they pleased therein, by spreading their slaves throughout the State.' '

'And that the United States Government had no right to admit such a state as a 'free State,' but although at the same time they knew very well that it was the law under the Constitution of the United States, that 'slavery shall remain where it is.' '

'In this they were the law breakers in the first place, and the enemy of civilization, of men, and God.'

'While they were thus restricted, and not able to gain their greedy object, they then accused the 'Yankees' of misdeeds and crimes they had never committed.

'In order to make the people of the South believe that the Government of the United States was in the fault, and therefore high time to tear themselves loose from the said Government, by establishing a Government of their own, and by the force of arms, it was the duty of every Southern man to defend their cause.'

'Yes, madam, it is really laughable to hear the daily expressions of some of those ignorant Southern folks.'

'The 'Yankees' are doing so and so, they are stealing our negroes and setting them free, to fight against

some of those Southern land owners, the 'gormandizers' of thousands of acres of uncultivated land, to buy a small tract of land from them, you would generally meet with the following response: 'that under no circumstances, and for no price whatever, would they sell their land in 'small patches,' especially to a stranger.' '

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'Yes, madam, it is really laughable to hear the daily expressions of some of those ignorant Southern folks.'

'The 'Yankees' are doing so and so, they are stealing our negroes and setting them free, to fight against

us; in order to suppress their doings, we'll fight the Lincoln Government as long as we can breathe.'

'The leaders of the South certainly know better but to gain their purposes, they of course had to invent lies; to point out reasons why they should fight the 'Yanks;' to raise excitement as much as possible, by assuring them of the speedy success of the Confederacy, in this struggle with the 'Lincoln Abolitionists.' '

'Madam,' I continued, 'there had never been even a thought of the Federal Government fighting for the freedom of the negroes. It was the South that opened the ball, and I should not wonder if the South should come up to the mark very soon; the 'Lincoln Government' will then do its duty in abolishing slavery.'

'Slavery is the stumbling block to the advancement of civilization, and a stain upon a free, republican country to allow in its midst. And as you said, we foreigners have no business to fight on the Yankee side, against the righteous cause.'

'Oh, yes, it is the solemn duty of every foreigner, in the whole United States of America, to fight for the side where he has made his home, or, intends in the future to make his home. And where all nationalities without regard to race or color are treated and considered alike, where education is encouraged and free to the poor, where no great distinction exists between rich and poor, and where the poor man is respected as

well as the millionaire, and to conclude, I firmly acknowledge that this is the side I'll always fight with, and I hope that every foreigner knows and comprehends the side on which his 'bread is buttered.' '

'And as you have said, again, 'that God is on the Southern side,' that I do not believe, and the South sooner or later will find out their great mistake.'

'Whereupon their 'phantom government,' with its organizers and supporters will dwindle away into 'a mere fog.' '

'Whereas, I trust that 'Uncle Sam,' after the conquest of the Confederacy or 'Rebs,' will bring the arrogance of those idle Southern gentlemen down a peg or two, free their negroes, and abolish slavery altogether in the United States, and open the way for education, cultivation and civilization throughout the whole American country.'

'These are my views, and also the contradictory points of your Southern illustration. And as a United States soldier, a paroled prisoner of war, a foreigner and an abolitionist, I have had my say in this matter.'

"Well that is so," she replied, "I did not expect to be contradicted thus."

"But as a Southern woman, I stick to the South, and uphold its cause to the last, and I still believe that the South will come out victorious."

'Oh, yes,' said I, 'pride comes before the fall, and

the South will certainly come out victorious — second best.'

I took another drink of water, lit my pipe, and bade my three hostesses good bye.

They invited me to call again at their house, if ever I should by chance pass along that road again, when I "would sing another song."

At sunset I joined my command in camp, when question after question was put to me in regard to the cause of my late arrival in camp. I then related the full circumstances of what had befallen me during my absence.

CHAPTER XLII.

STUCK IN THE MUD AND A DISPUTE BETWEEN BILLY, A TEAMSTER, AND A SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN.

No extraordinary incidents happened during the rest of our march through Texas, until crossing the boundary line, when Captain Stockton ordered a short halt, for a rest, but instead of resting we took the notion to scrape the Texas mud off our shoes, at least those who had shoes.

Although those who were more unfortunate, having only old rags or canvass on their feet, had harder work in freeing themselves of the filthy substance, which they had carried with them, a distance of over four hundred miles.

Our Commander asked us if it was our intention to remain here altogether.

"Oh, no," we replied, "but we are determined to get clear of the 'Texas mud' before entering the State of Louisiana."

When Captain Stockton saw that every one was ready, the "forward, march" was again given. But as it had been raining the whole day and night previous, our forward movement progressed very slowly, and the baggage train was often delayed and stuck in

some mud-hole, and then required our assistance to help them out again.

At about 10 o'clock A. M. on this day, we arrived at a town, with the sign of its name in capital letters, "Greenville," hanging on a triumphal arch, there were two such arches, one at each end of the town.

All of us were astonished on observing this triumphal arch and sign board, about one mile off.

We were in the expectation of finding, in marching through this border town of Louisiana, a place of great note, but in this we were deceived. On entering through the arch, and looking around awhile for the town, we were already on the outside, and through the opposite arch before we were aware of it.

If I recollect aright, I think the town did boast of a dozen dwelling houses, and a cotton gin, but I am sure, not more.

At this town we enjoyed the most fun, while witnessing a quarrel between one of the teamsters, and a citizen of "Greenville."

Before relating the substance of their quarrel, I will try to give a sketch of their personal appearance, in which however, I may give a more accurate description of the teamster than the citizen.

The teamster was called and known by the name of "Billy" or "Dutch Bill" by everyone, and no one sought for any other name, and whom I judged to be

about forty years old; his body was deformed similarly to the "hunchback" in Notre Dame, his original height would probably have been five feet and two or three inches, if properly stretched out, his head was closely set to his shoulders, the mouth twisted diagonally, reaching nearly up to the right ear, and the back was so arched as to bring the top of it higher than his head, the arms if at full length, would almost reach the ground, the two legs stuck into his back, the size boot he wore was number eleven, his "posterior" was invisible and hid in his back.

Any man looking at this deformity, could not help laughing, but oh, what a talker he was if started once, he would keep on twisting that mouth of his, and chatter a fellow to death, and in cursing and swearing he beat anything I ever heard before.

"Billy" was a first-class "mule puncher," and had been employed for many years as teamster by the United States, in the Quartermaster's Department at San Antonio, Texas. When the war broke out there was no alternative for "Dutch Bill," except to take service as teamster under the Confederate government.

After marching through Greenville, and while marching on the outskirts of the town, the command was halted for a rest, and to wait for the mule train to come up to us.

Finally after waiting about twenty minutes, we saw

"Billy" with his team in the lead, as usual sitting on his saddle mule, with his hump popping up and down, swinging and cracking his "twelve foot black-snake" whip with ferocity from right to left, all the while cursing and swearing "like a trooper," but "of a sudden" his team became stuck in a mud-hole.

The road through this town is nothing but mud and mud-puddles, especially at this time it was more so, in consequence of the heavy fall of rain, the day and night previous.

But about twenty of us, by our united strength, helped poor Billy out of his mud-hole. And before he was fairly started again, his team was stuck in another.

This made "Dutch Bill" unmanageable and wild altogether, at last he made himself fairly comical. Raising himself out of his saddle, and turning his head in all directions, casting glances from right to left, and bursting into a hoarse laugh:

"Ha, ha, blood and thunderation! what, do they have the cheek to call this mud hole in Louisiana, 'Greenville' or 'Greenfield?'"

"'Mudville,' would be the proper name, and if I had the —— here, who named this nasty, dirty, mud-puddle 'Greenville,' as sure as my name is 'Dutch Bill,' I would use my 'black-snake,' and whip the name out of him, and I wish this very minute the cursed place would sink, along with its inhabitants."

"But the devil, I can't see no one in this stinking pit, they must have all corroded away."

Just at the end of the last sentence, a man accompanied by two ladies, made his appearance in front of a nice house, which I think he was the owner of.

The house was situated about seventy-five yards off the road, surrounded by a lath fence, which enclosed about two acres, with gravel walks laid out beautifully, and rows of all kinds of green trees, planted on every side along the walks. Which taken in all the place was beautiful to look at, and a complete Southern "arbor."

This man appeared to be between fifty and sixty years of age, with long grey hair hanging loose down his shoulders, the face nearly covered with snow-white whiskers, leaving a long roman nose, and two fiery eyes visible, and his height may have been a trifle over six feet.

"No," he yelled out, "they have not corroded away, they are fighting your Yankees at Vicksburg and in Virginia."

"And you, mishaped form of an inhuman nothingness, you ought to be ashamed, and have some decency in your detestable and vulgar language, especially in the sight and hearing of ladies."

"That is enough," Billy replied, "you old hypocrite, if you don't want the ladies to hear my opinion of this

'Mudville,' " pointing at the same time to some mud-puddles close by, "you may order those ladies inside of the house, and not be displaying them in front of your house-door."

We all enjoyed the fun very much, and encouraged "Dutch Bill" by clapping our hands and saying, "give it to him, Billy, that's right, don't give in, you have got the best of him, strike away, while the iron is hot."

Billy did strike away indeed, and continued:

"I want you to distinctly understand, that I am neither a 'Yankee,' nor one of your slaves, I consider myself a white, and a free man, but stuck in the mud, in your noble Southern town, and further I have to tell you, that I did not address you at all, and as I see you are finding yourself offended, and insulting every person who comes along the highway, whereon, I must say, I have been driving teams for the last twenty years, but never have I seen a meaner, and more forsaken hole all this time, and what makes it worse, is seeing the likes of you, representing the 'gentility' of its population."

Whereupon the "Greenviller" responded:

"I want you to bear in mind, that I am a true born Louisianian, and a gentleman, therefore I do not wish to waste any words on an uncultivated 'what is it.' "

"And as you have said that you are not a Yankee,

which is bad enough, but still worse for being a Dutchman, for a Dutchman I take you to be, and curses upon curses, on you and your countrymen; only for the Dutch, who are fighting for the 'butcher Grant,' Vicksburg never would or could be taken, and likewise for the Dutch again under General Butler, 'the brute,' New Orleans might be in the hands of the Confederates at the present time, and the Dutch all through the country, are nothing less than murderers, thieves, house-breakers, house-burners, ravishers, etc., of our innocent female sex."

"They may devastate our fields, houses and homes for awhile longer, but we are in duty bound not to endure this much longer, we will turn out old and young under arms, and united in strength, drive them off our soil, destroy our enemy, imprison the Yankees, kill the Dutch, and hang 'Butler, the brute,' by the side of 'Grant, the butcher,' on a cottonwood tree."

Billy was now at the height of impatience by being lowered and cursed by this man, who was not satisfied to curse Billy alone, but to include his countrymen also.

"Aha," Billy roared out, at the same time pointing his finger towards the "Greenviller," "did not I call you, awhile ago, an old hypocrite. I see you are now turning out in your true colors. You 'fire eater,' why don't you go into the field, and help your countrymen

fight the Yankees and the Dutch.' You called me a few minutes ago, a 'mean Yankee,' and now a 'Dutchman.' "

"But as you are a backwoodsman, therefore you do not know the diffierence between Dutch, French or Irish, and as I am not ashamed of my country, I'll therefore inform you, that you cursed not my countrymen, who are Germans, consequently you had better drop the 'Dutch,' and commence the thing anew again, give the Germans the devil, and make a fool of yourself again."

"You mean 'Southern trickster' and 'scare crow,' take that grey wig off your head, and the false whiskers off your face."

"All your palavering don't amount to a red cent, every person can see that you are a coward; you talk, brag, and curse the 'Dutch' and the 'Yankees,' while standing in front of your own house. Why don't you go into the field and fight your enemy like a man?"

"But certainly, you are afraid, like a great many more of your stamp, to get shot, and you are a perfect sample of a Southern patriot who deceive the Enrolling Officers from getting drafted into the army, by their fraudulence in wearing wigs and false whiskers, in the pretense to make themselves appear too old for the service, and you are one of those characters."

"If the Confederate Government only would make

me as an Enrolling Officer, I very soon would have a little army rigged up for them, out of you old cheats."

"I am exactly the boy who would raise the wool off your heads, and tear the whiskers from your faces, and likewise put the fix on some others who practice dyeing their hair and whiskers. I would purify you gentlemen, by using the stiffest kind of scrubbing brush, and scrub the grey dye out of you, which experiment I would guarantee to be effectual."

All of a sudden, "Mr. Residenter" bristled himself into all shapes and forms, swinging his arms with clenched fists from right to left, and roared out:

"You damnable, deformed scamp, you out to have been hung years ago, you defiler of morality, and inciter of treason, I have a notion to shoot that big hump off your miserable carcass."

"I want and must have order restored in this town — where the devil is the officer in charge of this party — oh, yes, I see one riding up now."

At the same time the First Lieutenant of Stockton's Company rode up, for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of this long delay.

But no doubt he knew what had been going on in front, and enjoyed the fun just as well as we did, in hearing the loud cursing, etc.

"Aha, Billy," he laughingly said, "you are stuck in the mud at last, and right here in Greenville, too,

the first town in entering the State of Louisiana, but we will soon have you out of this mudpuddle.'

"I beg pardon, Lieutenant," Billy said, "I call this Godforsaken place, Mudville, Devilsville, or any other kind of a ville. I have been fighting with that cowardly devil since the last half hour," pointing towards his persecutor; "the sooner I get out of purgatory the better, or else I may do something desperate to that devil over yonder."

"Never mind, Billy," the Lieutenant replied, "cool your temper, and in a few minutes you and your team will be on solid ground again."

He then ordered us prisoners to assist in getting the wagon out of the hole, so as to be ready for a new start and a forward movement, so as to reach the next camping place, about ten miles further on, in the shortest time possible.

"Ho! ho! Captain! Major!" the representative of Greenville sung out, "are you the Commanding Officer of this band? If you are the Officer in charge, I then want that teamster of yours punished for his vulgarity, his treasonable expressions towards the Confederacy, in the town of Greenville."

"And for using disrespectful language, cursing and swearing in the sight and hearing of Southern ladies, and as an Officer of the Confederate army it is your duty, on marching through towns and settlements, to

use the strictest vigilance in your power, to prevent such disorderly conduct, of men under your charge."

"And further, I demand and command you to vacate the town with your command, without delay."

Billy became warmed up again, on which he tried to start the dispute once more, with his "mortal enemy," who likewise became infuriated.

But the Lieutenant interposed and said:

"It seems to me that one is as bad as the other, better drop the foolish dispute altogether."

"And, Mister, I have to inform you that I am not the Commanding Officer—Captain Stockton has charge of this 'band,' as you call it, and by all accounts the teamster did not allude to you; you are more to blame, as you are the first who abused and insulted; why if I had been in his place, I might have done the same thing, the man had a perfect right to defend himself."

At this time Captain Stockton came riding along, in full gallop up to the Lieutenant, and inquiring about the long delay, and its cause, and said: "I expected the command about three miles from here, by this time;" and gave the command at the same time: "fall in, forward, march."

The Lieutenant then told all the particulars about the teams getting stuck in Greenville, and I suppose, all about "Dutch Bill," and the "Residenter" of

Greenville, anyway, we could see that something pretty funny was going on, by the way the Captain and Lieutenant were laughing.

Nothing further happened worth relating while we were on the road to Shreveport.

CHAPTER XLIII.

SHREVEPORT.

In two days after this, we arrived safely in Shreveport, where in an hour later, we were stowed on board of a Mississippi steamer, to convey us to Baton Rouge.

As we went on board, we also found over three hundred of the 42d Massachussetts Volunteers on board, bound for the same destination, who were taken prisoners at Galveston Bay, a month or two previous, and were paroled, as we were.

A detachment consisting of a 2d Lieutenant and ten enlisted men, were detailed to go with us as an escort.

All those men selected were of Stockton's company, and married men, with their families residing in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg.

The Commanding Officer must have ordered married men to be sent, probably fearing that if single men were detailed, they would desert on arriving at Baton Rouge, and no doubt but that he was about right.

At this instant the engine whistle blew, warning passengers to go on board, and most of Stockton's men came at a run, to bid us good-bye.

Indeed a great many of them expressed themselves as being very sorry that they could not come with us

to the North, and if ever a favorable opportunity should occur to cross the lines, and join the Union army, they would not hesitate an instant to do it.

We understood one another perfectly, although we were very cautious to prevent Stockton's men being suspected of any treason spoken by them against the Rebel Government.

As the boat was moving off from the wharf, heading down the stream of the Red River, we would gladly have given three cheers for Captain Stockton and his men. Finally we were determined to cheer somebody, and as the number of paroled prisoners was now increased to six hundred, we united our voices and gave three hearty cheers for the Union and President Lincoln, while the steamer was puffing alongside Shreveport, going slowly down stream.

As we were allowed only on the forward part of the main deck, the six hundred and fifty of us were so much crowded as to make it impossible for a man to sit down or rest himself; so it was a blessing for us that the boat had to lay up at nights, when we were permitted to go on shore and cook our scanty rations, and so of course, we also found good opportunities for rest while on shore. Generally at these stopping places, we found a cotton gin, with a few old "shades" or outhouses near it.

Of these we took possession, and converted them

into "lodging houses," which enabled us to catch a few hours sleep, with refreshments at each place.

This river journey was conducted in this regular routine, by camping on shore at night; it took us fully ten days time from Shreveport to reach Baton Rouge, and during the ten days the steamer made only two stoppages, one at Alexandria, and the other at Port Hudson. The stoppage at Alexandria was for the purpose of receiving freight on board, and to issue five day's rations, consisting of coarse corn meal, and a quantity of rusty bacon, to us prisoners.

CHAPTER XLIV.

ALEXANDRIA.

But we were suddenly astonished, while yet lying at Alexandria, to hear the thundering roar of heavy artillery, and to see the the Rebel flag flying on top of nearly every house in the city, and the wharf was crowded with Rebel soldiers, and a great number of civilians giving cheers upon cheers, and waving their hats and handkerchiefs.

At last, some of our boys asked a few rebels who were standing alongside of us, the meaning of this great excitement.

They were likewise surprised on observing our ignorance of the cause of their "jubilee," but finally enlightened us by saying:

"Why, how is it that you men don't know anything about this 'great victory' of our's, namely, the capture of a 'Yankee gunboat,' the 'Queen of the West,' along with her officers and the whole crew, at the mouth of the Red River," and pointing towards her continued, "look down the river, where you men can see her very clearly, making for this place, and in fifteen minutes we will have her right here."

"Oh, yes," some of us said, "but what is the use

of making so much fuss, about such a small matter, for if you *have* captured the 'Queen of the West,' the Yankees will take her from you again, along with something else."

After laying up two hours at Alexandria, we were hustled on board the boat once more and the voyage continued as heretofore, until we arrived at Port Hudson.

CHAPTER XLV.

PORT HUDSON.

We stopped at this place for about one hour, and I think it was for the purpose of transacting some official business.

The boat did not land at this place, but remained at anchor within speaking distance of shore, and when we had been observed by the Rebel soldiers at the Fort, they commenced "opening the ball," by slurring at us, and calling us numberless vulgar names, but we were well able to return the compliment. By keeping the game "agoing," "following suit," or "leading trump," to gain the "trick," as the case may have been in the "growl," and I should not have been surprised if we would have silenced them entirely, but as it happened, the Rebel General Pemberton came on board the boat just then.

The flag of truce was then hoisted, the anchor raised, and the boat started once more down stream, towards Baton Rouge, and left our game of "growl" undecided.

Every one was "on the watch" this day, and each wanted to be first to point out the "Blues" to his comrades.

At last, as we were about five miles from Port Hudson, a lucky one sung out :

"There, there, is one of Uncle Sam's iron clad gun boats, steaming towards us."

In about twenty minutes later, we recognized her as being the "Asic," but not a man could be seen on her roof, until she was nearly alongside of us.

Then a half dozen of her 'blue jackets," showed themselves waving the United States flag.

And with tears in our eyes, flowing down our cheeks and overflowing with gladness, we gave three hearty cheers for the Stars and Stripes.

They knew then who we were, and responded accordingly. Of course there is no need for me to give a description of an "Ironclad," for nearly all Americans know the shape and formation of one by this time, but we were greatly surprised at that time, in seeing these new-fashioned gun boats, in the shape of a tortoise, floating and paddling against the stream of the Mississippi River, nearly under water, with only the back visible.

But then it was not our fault that we were kept in ignorance, and away from the "theater of war" all this long time, and it was no wonder therefore, that we were a set of "regular greenhorns."

CHAPTER XLVI.

BATON ROUGE.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, the same day, we landed about a mile from Baton Rouge, where in a short time after, a general United States officer came on board the boat, for the purpose of examining the records pertaining to us prisoners.

Immediately after the examination, we received orders to fall in, and to be ready to go ashore, at a moments notice.

In about an hour after roll-call, we were on the march to Baton Rouge, surrounded and conducted by our own men, who asked us thousands of questions in regard to our long imprisonment, and how we had been treated by the Rebels. And they also wanted to know the general sentiments of the people of Texas, in regard to the war, etc.

In fact, they all gave us great credit, for our great endurance of prison life, and in having resisted all enticements of joining the Rebel army.

Upon our arrival in the city, we were quartered in a large building that had formerly been a church, but at the begining of the war, this building was converted into a soldiers' quarters. Indeed we were a curiosity

to look at, some of us barefooted, and others without headgear of any kind, and our bodies were only partly covered with garments of various descriptions, "manufactured by hand." Consequently, by this necessity, we were forced to become clothiers, or properly named, "patchers" and "menders."

It must have been very amusing for those who were taking their first look at us, and seeing about three hundred men together, all clothed differently from each other, in fact, the little clothing we did possess, was only patches of various colors and kinds, sewed and knotted together by each man, according to his ability to do so.

We were hardly inside our quarters, when the Quartermaster, who had been a Lieutenant in some United States artillery regiment, went his "rounds" among us, asking each one how he fared.

After these seperate inquiries, he addressed us then in general, and in an encouraging manner.

"I know," he said, "you men are hungry and weary, but cheer up, everything is being provided for your comfort while here under my care, and in less than twenty minutes time, I will have refreshments ready for you all, and for certain, at one o'clock this night, you will be sent on board the boat, which is to convey you to Carrollton, and I have had plenty of rations cooked, to take along with you on the trip."

He was barely through speaking, when two soldiers came running in with a keg of whisky, and on observing them he ordered us to "fall in," forming us in two ranks at "rear open order," and directing the two soldiers to open the keg, and assist him in dividing its contents among us, in which he was very particular to see that every man received an equal share. Immediately after this, supper was brought to us, which consisted of fresh bread, fresh beef and excellent coffee, all in abundance, and of excellent quality, well cooked and prepared for our shrunk up stomachs.

Whisky, fresh wheat bread and coffee we had not tasted for twelve or thirteen months, and as we were waited upon, and cheered up by the Quartermaster himself, we therefore really felt ourselves "at home," and "happy as kings."

I am very much grieved, in not being able to recollect the name of this excellent gentleman of an officer, who at once perceived our helpless condition, and who did all in his power to make us comfortable.

And as he remarked:

"Men, you need not thank me, I can see very well how you must feel in having been prisoners for so long, without an officer to look after your welfare, therefore it is my duty to do all I can for you. And as you were twenty-two months prisoners of war, half starved by the Rebels, and turned over half naked to 'Uncle

Sam,' and who the Rebs of course, tried everything in their power to make you enlist for their army."

"And consequently, such strong-willed men, should and must be respected by every officer and man, throughout the United States."

The good deeds and sympathy the Quartermaster at Baton Rouge showed for us, shall never be forgotten, but inscribed in our grateful memories forever.

CHAPTER XLVII.

CARROLLTON.

Precisely at one o'clock, on the night of the 26th day of February, 1863, we were marched on board of a steamer, which was to convey us down the Mississippi River, to the town of Carrollton, where we arrived at about twelve o'clock on the same day, and were encamped on the "Newshell Road," leading from Carrollton to New Orleans.

At this camp we were properly clothed and fitted out, and as we were without "descriptive lists," and without money, so as soon as our stringent circumstances became known to the Department Commander, he was kind enough to order the Paymaster to pay us four months pay in advance.

In two weeks after we were properly exchanged and removed to Jackson Barracks, New Orleans, where we commenced our regular duties as United States soldiers again.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

CONCLUSION.

Having thus narrated from my memory sundry incidents, etc., that I as a personal witness, and actor in the drama performed, during the years between, and of, 1861 and 1863, among the Rebels in Texas, therefore I conclude by appending hereto, a copy of the "General Complimentary Order," issued and published by Major-General N. P. Banks, then commanding the Department of the Gulf.

Which order embraces the name and rank of each soldier.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
19th Army Corps.
Opelousas, April 25th, 1863.

General Order
No. 34.

Sergeants Brady, Stapleton, McCormick, Reinhardt, Sheble, Neal, Harris, Darkan, Brannan and two hundred and sixty-nine men of the 8th Infantry, Army of the United States, whose names are affixed, having been exchanged by the Rebel Government, whose prisoners they were, arrived at New Orleans on the 25th of February, 1863, and a portion of them under command of Lieutenant Copley Amory, 4th cavalry, reached this post on the 23d inst., to share with us the honors of this campaign.

It has been deemed but an act of justice to these gallant men, to relieve them from this service, and to expedite their return North.

They seperate from the command this day. In honor of their departure, the Commanding General has ordered a national salute, and a similar honor will be paid them at their departure from New Orleans, Captain Bainridge at Opelousas, and Brigadier General

Sherman, at New Orleans, are charged with this order.

These troops were shamefully and unconditionally surrendered to the Rebel authorities in Texas, by their Commanders, on the 9th day of May, 1861, separated from their officers, divided into squads and removed to different posts on the frontiers of Texas, deprived of their pay for more than two years, they were subjected to degrading labors, supplied with scanty food and clothing, and sometimes chained to the ground, or made to suffer other severe military punishments. Recruiting officers visited them daily, offering them commissions and large bounties to desert their flag.

Notwithstanding the false reports of the overthrow of their government, which seduced so many men of higher pretensions and positions, unsustained by counsel with each other, with few exceptions, they repelled the bribes and avoided the treason. Those who chose a different course, did it to escape their prison. No government had ever more loyal supporters. Officers of the army and navy, to whom they had a right to turn for counsel and example, who had been educated by the government, who never received a months pay that was not drawn from its coffers, nor bore an honor that it did not confer, at the first suggestion of treason betrayed the mother that nursed them, and deserted the flag that protected them. With every branch of

the government under their control, and the continent under their feet, they yielded to the indecency and folly of the Rebellion, and without a shadow of cause, sought to blacken the name of America and Americans, by fastening upon them the greatest crime of human history — that of destroying the best government ever formed, and annihilating the hopes of the human race in republican liberty. Thank God, the officers could not corrupt the men they commanded. Not a soldier or a sailor voluntarily abandoned his post.

The poisonous subtleties of secession never touched the hearts of the people, nor led them to substitute the guilty ambition of popular low-bred provincialism for the hallowed hopes of national patriotism.

Soldiers: let the gallant men that part from us today, receive the honor they deserve. Let them hear the peal of cannon and the cheers of the line. Let them receive wherever they go, the homage of the army and navy together — the army and navy forever.

By Command of

MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS.

Official:

RICHARD B. IRVIN,
Aid-de-Camp.

Roll of a Detached Batallion of the Eighth Regiment of United States Infantry, who were received from the Rebels as exchanged prisoners, at Baton Rouge, on the 25th day of February, 1863.

COMPANY "B."

Michael Brady, 1st Sergeant.
Robert Harris, 1st Sergeant.
Edward R. Jones, Corporal.
Lemont Kincaid, Corporal.
Peter Ennis, Musician.
James M. Harden, Musician.
James Brown.
Thomas Burke.
Joseph Byrne.
John Cullen.
Wilbur A. Daniels.
James Eldridge.
Louis Fisher.
Otis H. Francis.
Charles M. Goodfellow.
Patrick Heffermann.
David M. Hinman.
Thomas F. Harley.
Isaac Hueton.
William Jones.
Bernard Lyons.

George Reinhardt, Sergeant Co. "G," attached.
John Lee, Co. "H," 3d Infantry, attached.
John F. Meyers.
Charles J. Miller.
James Morris.
George A. Munch.
Owen Murray.
James McKinsey.
Patrick O'Brien.
David Rankin.
Bernard Roe.

COMPANY "C."

John Clark, Corporal.
Albert Arnold, Co. "I," 1st Infantry, attached.
Shelbert Baptiste, Band, attached.
Joseph Carpenter.
John Fwinley, Band, attached.
Daniel Kane.
Francis Kinsely, Band, attached.
Fred Croslidge, Band, attached.
James Lamb.
Thomas Loftus.
Frederick Marroney.
John McGwiney.
Thomas McKee.
Michael McNallis.

Stephan Schwartz, Co. "I," 1st Infantry, attached.
William J. Moore.
Louis Rust, Band, attached.
George Switzell, Band, attached.
Wm. H. Andrews, Co. "G," attached.
Michael Byrnes, 7th Infantry, attached.
James Burgoine, 7th Infantry, attached.
Peter Campion, 7th Infantry, attached.
Patrick Carter, 7th Infantry, attached.
Anthony Fitzpatrick, 7th Infantry, attached.
James Johnson, 7th Infantry, attached.
Joseph Owens, 7th Infantry, attached.
Jacob Clingfaus.
Patrick McAlair.
Christian Mooser, Band, attached.
Reid A. Christian.
Mahlon H. Sheldon.
Edward Morfat.
Frank Nestor.
John O'Maley.
Mead Patberry.
Absolom Conrad, Company "G" attached.
Joseph Kelley.
Hiob Neher, Band, attached.

COMPANY "E."

George F. Darker, Sergeant.

Peter McDonald, Corporal.
Alonzo Blake, Corporal.
Peter Blumenburg, Corporal.
Henry Connelly, Corporal.
George Collins, Corporal.
Chapin Channing.
William Cobb.
Joseph Carpenter.
John B. Dowd.
Peter Dwyer.
Edward Dwyer.
Conrad Evers.
William B. Farris.
James Graham.
William Howland.
Nicholas Hafins.
Lawrence Hilton.
George Huck.
David Hahn.
Frederick Henry.
Francis Hamburger.
Charles A. Long.
Patrick Lynch.
Neal B. Mullen.
Hiram Marsh.
John Murphy.
Thomas Murray.

James S. Neill.
John O'Connell, 1st.
John O'Connell, 2d.
William Palmer.
John Price.
Louis Poiret.
James Reynolds.
Michael Ryan.
Timothy Redman.
Ralph I. Squires.
Charles Smith.
Robert Smith.
John Saunders.
August Vander Hyde.
James McDonnell.

COMPANY "F."

Christian Nagell, Sergeant.
James Brown, Corporal.
Edward McDermott.
Patrick Connelly.
John Dunn.
Michael Finlan.
John H Ferris.
Wm. H. Finch.
Andrew Flinn.
Henry A. Gardinier.

William Hayes.
Peter Kelley.
Thomas Kelley.
James Lezerie.
Patrick McGlinn.
Henry Miller.
Charles Miller.
George Morrissey.
John Murray.
James McClusky.
James McNally.
Thomas McNamara.
James Riddell.
Peter Rochford.
Carl Shurig.
Henry Semore.
James H. Smith.
John Tucker.
Michael Thompson.
Anton Warsaw.
Patrick White.
Daniel Wheeler.
John B. Ward.
Francis Watt.
George Wolfangle.
Andrew Govelbrad.

COMPANY "G."

Patrick Barnes, attached.
James Biggins, attached.
Robert Carson, attached.
Peter Gilhooly, attached.

COMPANY "H."

Andrew Brunner, Sergeant.
William Rose, Corporal.
Charles D. Lyan, Corporal.
Alfred Miller, Musician.
John Brown.
Michael Connolly.
Thomas Connolly.
Thomas Cooney.
Redman Dillon.
Max Driffus.
Hermann Faul.
Edwin Fivey.
John Gochegen.
James Graham.
Menzer Green.
James Hendricks.
George Holland.
Henry B. Hutchins.
Patrick Kelleher.
Daniel Kelly.

Patrick Kenny.
Mathew Kenny.
Edward King.
James Kirby.
John Larry.
Joseph Linton.
James C. Lintre.
Patrick Lyden.
Thomas McDermott.
William H. McKim.
John McMahan.
William Murphy.
Henry Nolan.
Patrick O'Mara.
Christopher Peters.
John Rafferty.
Cornelius Ryan.
James B. Stearf.
Elias Shipman.
Daniel Walch.
August Wagner.
James Wright.
Samuel Russell.
Michael Stapleton, 1st Serg't., Co. "G," attached.
Hugh Gorman, Private, Co. "G," attached.
Patrick King, Private, Co. "G," attached.
John Knox, Private, Co. "G," attached.

Charles Mann, Private, Co. "G," attached.
Mathew McBride, Private, Co. "G," attached.
Albert Muller, Private, Co. "G," attached.
David Norris, Private, Co. "G," attached.
Joseph Norris, Private, Co. "G," attached.

COMPANY "I."

Robert McCormick, Sergeant, Co. "G," attached.
Patrick Burns, Corporal.
John Ingle, Corporal.
Terence Sheeny, Corporal.
Adolph Eckert, Musician.
John Stubbens, Musician.
Ernest Buchner.
John Miller.
Richard Boyd.
William Casey.
Edward Cully.
Edward Cummerford.
John Cannon, attached.
Timothy Divine.
Charles Ebel.
Arnold Freese.
Francis Gallagher.
Patrick Gallager.
Charles Goldsmith.
John Hauk.

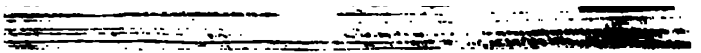
William Haley.
Joseph Hovey.
Martin D. Wirt.
John King.
James Kennear.
John Lynch.
John McCormick, attached.
William McKim.
John Miller.
Michael D. Moynihen.
John Miller.
Edward Murphy.
Julius Oberer.
Edward O'Brien.
William Rea.
Martin Reredan.
George Rudloff.
James Smith.
John Williams.

COMPANY "K."

Henry Shibble, 1st Sergeant.
Kyron Brennan, Sergeant.
George Brown, Corporal.
James Benson, Corporal.
Joseph E. Tyler, Corporal.
James Leadon, Musician.

Michael Harry.
Jacob Beter.
Calvin M. Boughton.
Robert Burris.
Dearack Emwold.
Seigfried Glass.
Francis Kerney.
Charles Linguist.
Horatio Lee.
Charles McCarthy.
John Malone.
Henry Manner.
Jacob Rohn.
John Robbison.
Charles H. Scott.
Michael Shea.
James E. Savarage.
John Williams.
Anon Waterhouse.
John E. White.
Martin Ziegler.

(Signed) CHARLES S. FASSETT,
Second Lieutenant 6th Michigan Volunteers.
Commanding Detachment 8th Infantry,
U. S. Barracks, New Orleans, La., May 2d, 1863.



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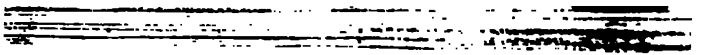

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